

THE DAILY MIRROR, Tuesday, August 7, 1923.

£25,000 FREE GIFT FOR CHILDREN: SEE PAGE 2

The Daily Mirror

NET SALE MUCH THE LARGEST OF ANY DAILY PICTURE NEWSPAPER

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TUESDAY, AUGUST 7, 1923

One Penny.

EVERYONE LEAVES TOWN FOR THE HOLIDAY



Just a few of the great crowd of holiday-makers who every morning parade for deck-chair duty on Torquay beach.



The inevitable strays of holidaytime were well looked after by the ever ready gentleman in blue.



Ninon, Donoghue up, winning Selling High-weight Handicap at Sandown Park yesterday. Croiseur, fourth, on left, Chicago, third, right.



Part of the huge gathering at Sandown Park for the Bank Holiday programme.

As London and all other great urban centres emptied themselves for the August holiday one wondered where all the people went to. Some solution of the problem will be found

on this page and on pages 8 and 9. One thing is certain—that no one remained amidst City bricks and mortar who could possibly get away from them to sea or countryside.

'DAILY MIRROR'S' £25,000 THRIFT SCHEME FOR CHILDREN

**Pence Made Pounds
Without Risk.
PARENTS PLEASED.**

**Increasing Benefits for the
Most Diligent.**

Never in the history of journalism has any newspaper enterprise been welcomed with such universal enthusiasm as *The Daily Mirror's* £25,000 Saving Fund for Children.

Every child under fifteen may participate in the scheme which is designed chiefly to teach the virtue of thrift. Parents and guardians, schoolmasters and schoolmistresses, throughout the country, are unanimous in agreeing that no offer could be more calculated to teach a child how pence may become pounds.

Simplicity is the keynote of this great scheme.

NO RESTRICTIONS.

**Children May Collect Certificates
from Relatives and Friends.**

No forecasting is required; there are no entrance fees; and nobody need register. There is nothing to prevent even the smallest child from saving money, either in the form of National Savings Certificates or cash.

In the top right-hand corner of the back picture page of *The Daily Mirror* there will appear each day Children's Savings Certificate. The cost of these is one cent Saturday.

All the child has to do is to collect as many of these certificates as possible. When he or she has collected a certain number *The Daily Mirror* will convert them either into money or National Savings Certificates.

In addition to teaching thrift, the Children's Savings Fund also offers plenty of scope for energy and enterprise. The enterprising youngster will collect *Daily Mirror* certificates from every possible source.

He can naturally secure the certificate which appears in their parent's copy of this newspaper. Then they will enlist the help of their relatives and friends and neighbours.

Enterprising boys and girls have proved over and over again what can be done in this respect by their vast collection of odds and ends. The hunt for Children's Savings Certificates will be just as fascinating, and vastly more profitable to the collectors.

The rate at which *The Daily Mirror* will redeem the certificates is one shilling for ninety-six two shillings for 102.

There is no limit to the number any child (who must be under fifteen years of age) may send in, provided that not fewer than ninety-six are forwarded at one time. All in excess of that number must be sent in multiples of forty-eight.

A batch of forty-eight certificates sent in by themselves are of no value. But if the batch of forty-eight is accompanied by ninety-six other certificates, the total of 144 is, of course, worth £6.

For 240 certificates (192 plus forty-eight), 2s. 6d. will be paid, and so on.

DILIGENCE REWARDED.

The Daily Mirror also proposes to reward diligence by increasing benefits to those children who collect certificates in large numbers.

For instance, the boy or girl who collects 2,976 certificates would, in the ordinary way, receive two National Savings Certificates worth 18s. each.

It will not be necessary, however, to send in so many to receive that award. The number has been fixed at 2,950.

The following table below explains itself:

Worth

For 2,950 Children's Savings Certificates the sender will receive	£1:12
2 National Savings Certificates	
For 4,400 Children's Savings Certificates the sender will receive	£2: 8
3 National Savings Certificates	
For 5,850 Children's Savings Certificates the sender will receive	£3: 4
4 National Savings Certificates	

Children will be well advised to wait until they have collected 1,488 certificates (representing a value of 15s. 6d.), for then *The Daily Mirror* will present the sender with a National Savings Certificate for 15s. 6d.

In five years that a certificate will be worth £1 and in ten years it will be worth £1 6s.

Parents and guardians should do all in their power to encourage the children to secure the benefits of the scheme, as they definitely form the basis of a child's savings.

Obviously as these savings accumulate, the child will be encouraged to add whatever money comes from other sources, and a habit of thrift will be engendered which will be of inestimable value not only to the individual, but to the nation in years to come.

As a further incentive to children *The Daily Mirror* will also present an award of merit,

INJURED CHEERED.

Forty Children Flung from Motor-Lorry.

WAIT AT HOSPITAL.

While a party of about fifty children from Willesden Green were being conveyed in a motor-lorry for an outing yesterday morning the side of the lorry gave way at Craven Park, Harlesden.

Forty of the children were flung into the road, and several were injured. These were taken to Park Royal Hospital, where they were attended.

The general body of the excursionists waited while the youngsters were at the hospital and cheered and sang when they saw the little ones with plastered faces running towards the lorry to resume the journey to the woods.

Two little girls who were more seriously injured were determined not to be deprived of the day's enjoyment, howled until they were allowed to rejoin the party. The injured were:

Joseph Bayley (eight), Eva Bayley (ten), and Alice May (eleven), all of Willesden Green; abrasions; Florence Norman (thirteen), of Kilburn, cut on head; Grace Broad (six), Harlesden, abrasions; Winifred Nunn (fifteen), and Sarah Nunn, Willesden Green, abrasions; Eileen Tippett (four), Churchmead-road, Willesden, abrasions.

A touring car, after knocking down Thomas Burns of Papcastle, outside Cockermouth, did not slacken speed and went on in the direction of Carlisle.

Burns, who was dragged along some distance, was seriously injured about the head and body, and was hours in recovering consciousness.

The police have possession of a portion of the broken wind screen of the car.

While bathing at Blackpool John Robert Jones, aged twenty-two, a visitor from Glamorgan, was drowned.

While bathing in Church Bay, Cressay-on-Sea, Michael Hourigan, aged twenty-three, of Evergreen-street, Cork, was drowned. Although an expert swimmer, a strong ebb tide washed him against the rocks, and attempts at rescue were unavailing.

PRINCE IN HOSPITAL.

Injured Ankle Making Good Progress—Surgeon's Tribute to Patient.

Prince Henry, the King's third son, who fractured his ankle while putting a restive troop horse to the gallop at Aldershot, was yesterday practically free from pain.

"His cheery disposition and splendid physical condition is a better tonic than any medicine," said one of the surgeons at the Cambridge Hospital.

LOSS TO GRAND OPERA.

Famous Prima Donna Joins Musical Comedy Stage.

Some of our greatest operatic stars with world-wide reputations cannot, it is stated, live upon their salaries, and are compelled to take up ordinary concert engagements and gramophone work.

Isabel Rhys-Parker, the famous prima donna of the British National Opera Company, has just abandoned the operatic stage and gone into musical comedy. This noted singer, who recently played "Madame Butterfly" at Covent Garden Opera House, and who is the wife of Robert Rhys-Parker, the well-known baritone, says:

"It took me a long time to come to this important decision. I felt that I was not making enough use of my voice. There is no doubt whatever that my example will be followed, much, I believe, to the advantage of the ordinary musical play. Musical comedy companies have long put up with pretty, but untrained voices."

FLOGGINGS FOR MEMORY.

Archbishop of Canterbury Tells How He Was Taught Dates.

A "painful memory" of his schooldays was alluded to by the Archbishop of Canterbury in an after-lunch speech at Liverpool.

He said that at the small Scottish school he attended their master, when he wanted to impress on them the date of a battle or the eclipse of the sun, would flog six of the boys. The master believed that such an exhibition impressed them so much on them that they would never forget any particular date.

DEATH TRAP IN GARDEN.

"A death trap for children" was the coroner's comment on an old boiler sunk in a neighbour's garden as a duck-pond, in which Clarence Ackerley, aged two, was drowned at Cwmbran.

CONSCRIPTION FOR ALL?

Demanding universal military training for all citizens and the establishment of a "democratic force for national defence alone in place of the present professional standing army," a resolution was passed yesterday at the Social Democratic Federation Conference in London,

DIAMOND IN STABLE.

Finder Thinks £1,500 Gem a Piece of Glass.

NAPOLEON RELIC.

The vanished £1,500 diamond which belonged to Napoleon has been restored to its owner after lying in a stable for three days, the finder thinking it only a piece of coloured glass.

The diamond was lost last week by Lady Galway, wife of Sir Henry Galway, of Queen Anne's-gate, S.W., on Thursday, and a few minutes later Thomas Whelan, a stableman employed in Reece-mews, picked it up.

"I was in a few yards of Lady Galway's house when I kicked a parcel lying on the pavement, said Whelan yesterday. 'I picked it up and opened it as I was walking through Marlborough-rows."

"Inside was a sort of forged arrangement like two horns. On the top of each were openings, in one of which was mounted the diamond. When I got back to my stable I showed my pals what I had found.

"They all agreed with me that it was worth a pound or two at the outside.

"The stone certainly didn't strike us as being a diamond. It was for all the world like a bit of coloured glass, so I put it in an envelope, which I still have, the inside of a case where I keep horses' bits."

"There it remained all day Friday, and until Saturday afternoon."

Yesterday Whelan read the account of Lady Galway's loss, and took the diamond to the house. He received £50 reward.

CHASE OF 12,648 MILES FOR MAN.

Brought from Montevideo to Bow-street.

RADIO DRAMA.

Hatton Garden Merchant Seized Stepping Off Ship.

The story of a 12,648 miles pursuit was told at Bow-street yesterday, when Samuel Gilbert, of Hatton Garden, a diamond merchant, was remanded, charged with unlawfully obtaining jewellery valued at £347 10s.

The dramatic capture was made by the aid of wireless, a message having been dispatched to the Highland Loch, the vessel in which Gilbert sailed to Las Palmas.

When he reached Montevideo Gilbert was detained and a detective was sent from London to arrest him.

The officer in chasing the man had travelled 12,648 miles and had spent forty-seven days on the journey.

OCEAN WIRELESS CALL.

Man in House of Correction To Await Detective in South America.

Gilbert was arrested at Montevideo as he stepped ashore from the liner Highland Loch. He appeared before Mr. Leycester at Bow-street yesterday.

The several charges comprised unlawfully obtaining a pair of two-stone drop diamond earings set with migraint, value £125; a platinum and diamond onyx watch, value £50 10s., and various other gold watches of the value of about £165, by false pretences.

He was further charged with obtaining possession of the sum of £100 by false pretences.

Gilbert, a short man with Jewish features, stepped into the dock wearing a blue suit and overcoat.

Mr. Frederick Levy, prosecuting, said that there had been no more dramatic capture by the aid of wireless than in this particular case.

As far back as March 13 the prisoner obtained a passport for the purpose of going to France, Belgium and the Argentine.

On April 4 he obtained a certain amount of jewellery from a diamond merchant at Hatton-garden, and on April 5 he sailed in the Highland Loch for Las Palmas.

A detective arrived by wireless to this particular vessel after it had been ascertained from the shipping list that a man bearing his description was on this ship.

The message, however, arrived too late for the man to be detained at Las Palmas. Therefore it was not possible to detain him until the boat reached Montevideo, where he was placed in the house of correction.

Detective-Sergeant Muggridge described his chase after Gilbert. Witness arrived in Las Palmas on July 21, and found Gilbert's boat had gone to Rio de Janeiro. It was not possible to get him there, however, and on July 24 he received the prisoner in custody at Montevideo.

He read the warrant over to Gilbert, who replied: "I am Samuel Gilbert, and I understand what you say. It is all a lot of lies, and I will prove it in London."

On July 12 witness left for England on the Highland Pride, arriving at Liverpool on Saturday. Gilbert was conveyed to Bow-street Police Station and charged on Sunday morning.

OTHER NEWS IN BRIEF.

Lighting-up time to-day, 9.38 p.m.

Salmon in Boat.—A salmon jumped in a boat on the Esk at Whitby, surprising women occupants.

Grouse prospects on Yorkshire moors are better than at first expected, broods, though small, having done well.

Pigeons by Plane.—Some 800 homing pigeons were taken by plane from Ghent to Paris, where they were released.

Viceroy's Tour.—Lord Reading is to tour North India, including Lahore, Patiala, Lucknow and Allahabad.—Reuter.

Mr. Ginnell's Successor.—Dr. Conor O'Byrne, of Ballynacarry, has been selected as Republican candidate for Westmeath in succession to the late Mr. Ginnell.

Cloud of Grasshoppers.—A cloud of millions of grasshoppers, an eighth of a mile wide and several miles long, obscured the sky above Pontiac, Saskatchewan, for three hours.—Reuter.

Lady Hawtrey sincerely thanks all who have so kindly expressed their sympathy by flowers, letters and telegrams. These were so numerous that she finds it impossible to reply individually.

BRITAIN CAMPS OUT FOR IDEAL BANK HOLIDAY

Jolliest Scenes of Year at All Resorts and Sunshine in Plenty Everywhere.

10,000 SLEEP ON BEACH AT SOUTHEND

All-Night Revelry—Famine in Boats on Thames Road and Rail Excursions Thronged.

All the world and his wife—with a very large family—were out of doors yesterday for the happiest, sunniest Bank Holiday for many years.

Excursions by road and rail carried hundreds of thousands of people to the sea. Records were made at many resorts, and bathing, boating and steamer trips were the sport of the multitude.

Ten thousand people slept out on Southend beach, and numerous parties remained on the river all night. So great was the demand for craft of all descriptions on the Thames that only those who had booked in advance could be accommodated.

Fleets of buses took a host of Londoners to outlying beauty spots, but the metropolis was not empty. Sightseeing parties from the country made it just as busy as usual.

FLEETS OF OMNIBUSES TO BEAUTY SPOTS.

All Kinds of River Craft Booked in Advance.

STEAMER TRIPS BOOM.

TODAY'S WEATHER.—Showers or slight rain in the West and North, but fine and warm in the Midlands, East and South-east.

"Yes! It was a perfect Bank Holiday."

Everybody—adapting the catchphrase of the moment—will be saying that to-day,

Scenes by the sea, on the roads, the tennis courts and river, by lake and stream and among the mountains—everywhere, in fact—provided a happy picture of Britain at play on the most enjoyable open-air festival of the year.

Huge crowds thronged the great London terraces, which presented a kaleidoscope of ever-changing colour.

The irresistible sunshine and a shade temperature high in the seventies—77 was the maximum—induced many people to break their original resolve to stop at home, and the result was that Waterloo, Victoria, King's Cross and Liverpool-street were besieged.

"Specials" from Waterloo to Sandown Park races were packed, as were those bound for the Southern watering places and the electric trains to Hampton Court, Teddington, Kingston and Twickenham.

AN EARLY START.

The earliest excursions to the South Coast left Charing Cross and London Bridge at 7.15 a.m., and they were just as full as the later trains.

Omnibuses to Hampstead Heath, Richmond, Hampton Court and other riverside resorts, as well as to Epping Forest, carried full complements of passengers.

Even the little steamers which ply between Westminster Bridge and Hampton Court were packed from stem to stern.

No pleasure craft, unless previously booked, could be obtained at many of the Thames-side boathouses.

One boat proprietor said: "People have been on the river all night. There was an enormous demand for camping punts, but how anyone can sleep in an open skiff puzzles me."

"When I left the boatyard at midnight the river was alive, and it was the same when I returned at seven o'clock this morning."

Mixed bathing in the Thanes from a station above Kingston Bridge was a popular sport.

COWES WEEK BEGUN.

Yacht Splits Mainsail and Retires from First Race.

Thousands of visitors poured into Cowes yesterday for the Big Week.

A good westerly sailing breeze prevailed, and the Britannia, Tersipchore, Nyria and Moonbeam were out for the first race of the Royal London Yacht Club for prizes of £100.

The King, with a large party, sailed aboard his own yacht Britannia, which finished first but lost on time allowance to Moonbeam. Nyria won the second prize.

Tersipchore in the first race split her mainsail and retired.

In the second race Paula, Candida, Dorina and Thanet started. The race is over a thirty-two-mile course.

Paula was first, Dorina second and Thanet third.

In the third race Kegrie, Alalanta and Noreen were first over the line; six started.

Suzette was first in the six-metre race, Coila second and Betty third.

GAY MULTITUDE FLOCKS TO SEA AND MOUNTAINS.

Too Many People for Trains to Take to Bridlington.

BATHING IN RELAYS.

After a rather lean time at the earlier Bank Holidays, all the resorts came into their own yesterday with ideal weather, huge crowds and a feast of amusements.

Ten thousand people—armed with blankets and waterproofs—slid out on the beach and cliffs at Southend and camp fires were dotted over the sands by the dozen.

Doings at other places are thus recorded:

Scarborough.—Full up. Bathing pool thronged and hundreds waiting for a dip. Ten thousand day excursionists from Leeds, Bradford, York, Hull, Newcastle, Sheffield and Hartlepool. The bay dotted with pleasure craft and the sands at low tide a huge playground for many thousands of children.

Brighton.—Brought probably a record holiday enjoyed in brilliant sunshine. Enormous numbers of cars, coaches and motor-cycles were on roads and fishermen and boatmen busy all day. So great was the demand in West Riding centres that the railway company intimated that bookings could not be continued to Bridlington.

Llandudno.—Hundreds bathing and every van engaged. Thousands of trippers swelled crowd to 50,000, 60,000.

Skegness.—Bathes on beach and promenades unusually busy over the days. Excursions from the Midlands ran in duplicate and extra police required to regulate road traffic. Bathers in hundreds and a record day for boating.

Lakeland.—An unprecedented invasion in brilliant weather. Swarms of trippers at such lonely and remote spots as Wast Water and Buttermere.

DIPS BEFORE BREAKFAST.

Aeroplane Trips as the Coolest Form of Recreation.

Most Londoners, as usual, made the coast towns within a few hours' journey their happy hunting ground. How they revelled in the sunshine they were described:

Yarmouth.—People pouring on to the beach before 7 a.m. Hundreds bathed before breakfast. Excursionists arrived in regiments. Northern flights were beaten. Trains from London run in triplicate, all crowded, and road traffic exceptionally heavy.

Weymouth.—Record crowds. Trains, motor coaches and motor cars loaded. Very hot, but tempered by a gentle breeze.

Iffracombe.—Popular features of a jolly day were large motor trips to North Devon, Dartmoor, Exmoor and North Cornwall. Never before were there so many motors on the road. Ideal weather for boating and bathing.

Brighton.—Brilliant sunshine made the holiday a record. Crowds on the sands, pier and promenades were unprecedented. Flying excursionists arrived, in addition to relief and ordinary trains, with 40,000 visitors. Hundreds more travelled by motor coach. Pleasure steamers and motor boats were crowded all day and bathing continued from early morning till sunset.



Map showing the course of yesterday's Aerial Derby.

220 MILES AN HOUR IN GREAT AERIAL DERBY.

Carter Wins 200-Mile Dash in Record Time.

COURTNEY FORCED TO LAND.

Thirteen of the fastest aeroplanes ever built started from Croydon Aerodrome yesterday afternoon in the Aerial Derby race round London—a distance of 200 miles.

Two prizes were at stake—one for the handicap winner and one for the fastest time. L. L. Carter won the latter by completing the two circuits of the course in 1h. 2m. 23s. an average speed of 192.4 miles per hour.

He piloted a Napier Lion of 450h.p., and crossed the line at 220 miles an hour. He was much exhausted on alighting, chiefly through eye strain.

This is by far the best time for the Aerial Derby.

Flight-Lieutenant Longton was second, his net time being 1h. 15m. 9.35s., and Captain Barnard third. Last year's winner, J. H. James, did 176 miles per hour.

In the handicap the first three, Captain Hammersley (first), H. H. Perry and Flight-Lieutenant Woodhouse, finished within 1m. 44s. of each other.

Many famous pilots competed, including F. P. Raynham, Major Hemming, F. T. Courtney and Captain C. D. Barnard.

Longton conceded 1h. 36m. to A. T. Remo in an Avro "Baby." Despite this handicap, Carter was an easy favourite for the handicap among the experts.

The course was via Brooklands, Herford and West Thurrock, two circuits being made.

Before Carter had left four competitors had completed the first circuit, while Remo came in a few seconds later, having had to land just past West Thurrock.

Shortly afterwards it was announced that Courtney, who started No. 10, had landed at Brooklands, having found that the tail of his machine was unsafe.

Hinkler, on an Avro "Baby," had to land at Hanworth Park, near Hounslow, his engine having eased up.

MR. MCKENNA'S REPLY.

Says He Authorised No Statement About the Chancellorship.

Mr. McKenna, replying to a telegram from the Press Association asking if he would authorise a statement that he had decided not to accept the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, wrote yesterday: "I have not done so."

"Have not seen statement referred to. Have authorised no statement of any kind."

Mr. McKenna left London on Thursday to spend a short holiday at Loch Meikart, on the coast of Inverness-shire, and is not due back at his London house until the end of the week.

SPANISH EARTHQUAKE.

Many Houses Destroyed—Flames from a New Volcano.

Violent earthquake shocks have caused serious damage in villages in the neighbourhood of Huasca, the capital of the northern frontier province of that name. In some villages the greater part of the houses have been destroyed.

Inhabitants relate that they saw flames and smoke coming from one of the mountains in the vicinity. It is thought that a new volcano has been produced.

NO BEQUESTS BY PEER.

No bequests or legacies were left by the late Lord Rose of Derby, whose estate has been sworn at £10,585. He was the first baron, and died at the age of eighty.

MINE EXPLODES ON ROCKS.

Mines have been seen between Mariestrand and Gothenburg, Sweden, says a Reuter telegram, and one washed ashore near Gothenburg recently exploded on the rocks, causing great alarm but no damage.

BELGIUM TO PUBLISH RUHR DOCUMENTS.

Lord Derby's Talk with French President.

PARIS STORY.

Marquis Curzon to Meet Poincaré on Allied Debt.

The Belgian Government (says the Exchange) has decided to order the publication of a Diplomatic Grey-book containing all the documents and negotiations appertaining to the inter-Allied consultations, probably since the date of the inauguration of the Ruhr occupation.

The *Petit Parisien*, according to the Central News, states that Lord Derby, who is in Paris, saw M. Millerand on Saturday and had a long conversation with the French President on the subject of the Ruhr and Allied policy towards Germany.

The newspaper also states that Lord Robert Curzon, as the week-end guest of President Millerand at Rambouillet, discussed the situation with the President.

Nothing is known in London of these reported conferences.

It is stated in political circles in Paris that Lord Curzon will meet M. Poincaré shortly to discuss the reduction of the Inter-Allied debt as a preliminary to the fixing of a new sum to be paid by Germany as reparations.

BOMB-THROWING OUTRAGE.

The Chief of Police at Düsseldorf was arrested as well as the father and brother of a man who threw a grenade at a French detachment, wounding four soldiers and a number of civilians, says a Reuter message.

The man is known to be in sympathy with the Nationalists. A number of the Nationalists were also arrested.

All traffic has been forbidden between eleven o'clock at night and five o'clock in the morning. The restaurants, cafés, and cinemas must close at ten o'clock.

The German Government declares that the outrage was the work of Germans every effort will be made to bring the person or persons to book, says a Central News message from Berlin.

SULLIVAN GOING STRONG.

One and a Half Miles from Coast in Channel Swim—Woman's Attempt.

Henry Sullivan, the American who on Sunday started from Dover, yesterday attempted to swim the Channel, was reported to be one and a half miles off Cap Blanc Nez, east of Calais, at 4.15 yesterday afternoon.

This information was brought to Dover by the mail steamer *Maid of Orleans*, which arrived from Calais.

The captain said Sullivan seemed to be swimming well. The north-west wind had made rather broken water on the French coast.

Sullivan's swim had then extended into nearly twenty-three hours.

Early in the day the French mail packet reported that Sullivan was six miles off Cape Grisnez at 6 a.m.

The American woman swimmer, Mrs. Corson, who started from Dover yesterday morning on an attempt to swim to France, was more than a quarter of the distance across the Channel at 12.30.

The weather and sea conditions were favourable, but the wind was freshening. She was reported later to be going well.

DOCKERS DRIFT BACK.

Strike Leaders' Probable Action to Find Way Out of Difficulty.

An air of peace and quiet pervaded Dockland yesterday, the men having been on strike nearly five weeks. For the first time during the strike the meetings of the men were suspended, although the Strike Committee were in session at Poplar Town Hall.

A steady drift back to work has been taking place. In all probability the Strike Committee will succeed in forming some sort of union of lightermen, dockers and stevedores, and then call off the strike as the easiest way out of the difficulty in which it finds itself.

EISTEDDFOD TRADITION.

The Royal National Eisteddfod of Wales was opened at Mold yesterday by Mr. H. N. Gladstone, of Hawarden, Lord Lieutenant of Flintshire, who said he accepted the Presidency on public and private grounds, a personal reason being that by doing so he was carrying on a family tradition.

EXPRESS DERAILED.

The Barcelona-Paris express was derailed yesterday at a junction near Calella. Six cars left the metals and were dragged along the line for over a hundred yards, destroying a signalman's cabin and tearing up a number of signals.

Only one passenger was injured.

COLLAPSIBLE BOAT IN MURDER PLOT.

Woman's Fate in Lake After Attempted Rescue.

PRIEST'S DISCOVERY.

A remarkable murder trial will shortly take place in the Vienna court following the arrest of two men, Marek and Hynek, on a charge of murdering a woman named Johanna Hynek, wife of the latter.

A chauffeur driving past the Millstädter Lake, near Dellach (Carinthia), on May 29, saw an overturned boat and a man and a woman struggling in the water, which was very rough.

The chauffeur, says a Central News message, plunged in and tried to rescue the woman, but unsuccessfully.

The man, who succeeded in swimming ashore, gave his name as Dr. Heinrich Marek, of Vienna, and said the drowned woman was his aunt, Johanna Hynek, whom he had taken in a collapsible boat for a row.

It appeared that four days previously Hynek brought his wife to Dellach, taking rooms at a hotel, and the following day left her, saying he was sending his nephew to keep her company.

On May 28 Dr. Heinrich Marek arrived, bringing with him a folding boat, and introduced himself as the expected nephew.

The next day, though he was warned that the weather was bad, he took the woman for a row, and half an hour afterwards the accident occurred.

TELL-TALE LETTER.

The body of Mrs. Hynek was recovered the next day and was buried, and after the funeral the husband came to Dellach. He seemed little troubled, did not ask to see his wife's grave, and departed the next day with Marek.

Unfortunately for him, he left behind a book, which was being examined by the hotel-keeper's wife, was found to contain a letter addressed to a Miss Wagner, of Prague, dated from Spital on April 20.

It was a curious letter, and she took it to the priest, who at once noticed that though, as he was aware, Hynek had married Miss Wagner on April 6, he was addressing her as a complete stranger on April 20.

The priest communicated with the police, who made the following discoveries:

Hynek and his nephew, Dr. Marek, were both very hard up, and Hynek owed relatives a large sum of money.

As a way out of his difficulties Hynek advertised for a wife, and having ascertained that Miss Wagner possessed a fortune he married her and immediately heavily insured her life.

The police theory is that Hynek induced Marek to murder his wife on a promise to give him a share of the money.

It was ascertained that immediately after the tragedy Hynek possessed himself both of his wife's money and the insurance.

KEEPING OUT TRADE.

British Demand to Reduce Australian Port Rates.

A demand for the reduction of port charges and other terminal costs to which shipping arriving in Australia is subject, ranging up to 225 per cent, over pre-war standards, was made yesterday by the Chamber of Shipping of the United Kingdom.

The United Kingdom dues rose to 166 per cent. above pre-war, but during the last twelve months they have been successively reduced to a figure only 14.5 per cent. above pre-war.

The demand was made after three months' time in the hope that it may then be possible to restore the pre-war charge. Quarantine expenses in Australia are 200 per cent. above pre-war.

In addition to specific impositions of this kind, it is stated, general running costs in the Australian trade are still greatly in excess of those in other trades.

An example is given of bunker coal which in Australia costs 125 per cent. more than in 1913, compared with 83 per cent. more in the United Kingdom.

"At present shipping services to Australia are running at a loss," the statement concludes. "The Australian Government line itself has made a loss of £2,700,000 in the last two years, which has to be met out of the pockets of the Australian taxpayer."

"It is, therefore, nothing short of madness from the Australian point of view to maintain high charges which must increase the loss on their own vessels and put up all freights against them."

HINT TO CHEMISTS.

"I wish chemists could bring out a less dangerous solution for cleaning purposes," said the Kingston-on-Thames coroner yesterday, at an inquest on Mrs. Marian Cole, fifty seven, who died after taking salts of soda when suffering from depression caused by the recent thunderstorm.

It was a pity spirits of salts could be obtained so easily, added the coroner.

Suicide while of unsound mind was the verdict.

No reprieve will be granted, says the Home Secretary to Albert E. Burrows, who will be executed at Bagthorpe, Nottingham, to-morrow for the Glossop pit shaft murders.

OFFICE BOY ROMANCE.

Lad Who Became Solicitor and Colliery Owner.

£66,000 ESTATE.

Rising from the position of office boy to solicitor and colliery owner, Sir Joseph Hewitt, of Ouslethwaite Hall, near Barnsley, Yorks, left estate of the value of £66,965, with net personalty £56,952.

The late Sir Joseph was connected with several local colliery enterprises, becoming one of the most prominent coalowners in South Yorkshire.

He was chairman of the Wharncliffe Woodmoor Colliery Co., Ltd., and a director of the British Association of Glass Bottle Manufacturers, for some time adviser to the Coal Controller and a member of the Executive Council of the British Association of Great Britain.

The testator leaves this whole of the property to his wife for life, and then upon the same trusts and conditions as are declared in a settlement dated April 21, 1921, in favour of his children.

U.S. DAY OF MOURNING.

Memorial Service to Mr. Harding in Westminster Abbey.

President Coolidge has issued a proclamation appointing Friday as a day of special mourning and prayer throughout the United States for the late President Harding, and on that day a memorial service will be held at twelve noon in Westminster Abbey.

How deeply President Harding felt his responsibility was told by Dr. N. Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, who addressed members of the City of London Vacation Course in Education yesterday.

He was, said Dr. Butler, standing beside Senator Harding, as he was then, while the voting for the election of the President proceeded. When it became clear that Mr. Harding would be elected he turned to Dr. Butler and said:

"If the greater responsibility should come to me I should need all the help you can give me."

"His most dominating thought," added Dr. Butler, "was not one of pride or vanity, but of responsibility."

£10,000 THEFT MYSTERY

Police Still Searching for Man Who Stole Wallet Containing Diamonds.

No arrest has yet been made in connection with the robbery of £10,000 worth of diamonds from a man who was conveying them to Mr. H. Weinstein, a Hatton Garden diamond merchant, last Friday morning.

It is presumed that the wallet containing the precious stones was abstracted from the loser's pocket while he was travelling in an omnibus between Oxford Circus and Chancery-lane.

The loss was not discovered until after he had left the omnibus and was walking up Fetter-lane towards Hatton Garden.

Scotland Yard are actively pursuing inquiries.

10-DAY'S BROADCASTING

MANCHESTER (385 metres).—3.30, talk to kids; 3.45, concert; 5.30, women's talk; 6.5, children's talk; 7.30, men's talk; 8.15, news; 8.30, wireless trio; 9.15, talk; 7. Oxford Picture House Orchestra; 7.15, talk; Electric Cooking (Charles Wreford); 7.30, news; 8.15, Emily Seddon (soprano); William Stanfield (baritone); orchestra; 8.25, Emily Seddon; 8.35, talk; 8.45, William Stanfield; orchestra; 9.30, Emily Seddon; 9.50, William Stanfield; 10.15, orchestra; 10.26, news; 10.35, men's talk; 11.15, news.

LONDON (369 metres).—11.30, Mr. Leonard Ashdown (baritone); 5.30, women's talk; 6, children's talk; 7, news; 7.30, talk; Philip L. Imman, Inman's Band; John Henry's talk to women; Miss Ethel Ashwood (soprano); 9, talk, Sir John Russell "What Science is Doing for Farming," Guards Band; John Henry's talk; 9.30, Miss Ethel Ashwood; 10.15, men's talk; 10.30, Guards Band.

NEWCASTLE (400 metres).—3.30, Mr. Sid Pugh's Quartette; 3.35, Miss Kathleen Hutton (soprano); 3.40, Mr. W. Jones (baritone); 3.45, talk; "Health First" (Mr. Grantham); 3.55, Mr. Sid Pugh (tenor); 4.10, Miss Hutton; 4.15, Mr. Jones; 4.20, Miss Isobel Summers (soprano); 4.45, Mr. Sid Pugh; 4.55, talk; 5.30, Miss Hutton; 5.45, Mr. Jones; 5.55, talk; 6.25, quartette; 5, scholars' talk; 5.30, women's talk; 6, children's talk; 6.45, Boys' Life Club; 7, news; 8, Mr. J. C. Cross (pianoforte, recital); 8.30, news; 8.40, Mr. T. J. Nairn (tenor); 8.45, talk; "Weeks' Music" (Percy A. Scholles); 9.30, Mr. W. A. Bates (entertainer); 9.45, North Sea Workmen's Brass Band; 9.55, Miss Ida (soprano); 10.30, Mr. W. A. Bates; 10.15, band; 10.30, news; 10.40, Mr. Nairn; 10.45, men's talk.

CARDIFF (383 metres).—3.30, Capitol Cinema Orchestra; 5.30, children's talk; 6, children's talk; 7, Mrs. Vera McCann, Thomas (soprano); 7.10, Miss Herbert Ware (cello solo); 7.20, Mr. T. J. Jones (songs); 7.30, Miss Marjorie Unett (recitals); 7.40, Miss Ware; 7.50, news; 8.30, Miss Thomas; 8.40, Mr. T. J. Jones; 8.45, "Mr. Everyman"; 8.55, Miss Ware; 9.25, Miss Ware; 9.28, Mr. T. J. Jones; 9.30, "Mr. Everyman"; 9.55, news; (continued) 9.55, news.

BIRMINGHAM (420 metres).—3.30, Orchestral Trio; 5.30, talk; 6, children's talk; 7.30, Birmingham Dance Band; 7.45, news; 8, dance band; 9.15, "Book Talk"; Rev. A. E. Forrest; 9.30, dance band; 10, men's talk; 10.10, dance band; 10.20, news.

GLASGOW (415 metres).—3.30, Wireless Trio; 5, women's talk; 5.30, children's talk; 8.15, news; 8.30, orchestra; 8.45, Miss Kathleen Hutton (soprano); 8.45, Glasgow Amateur Concertina Band; 9.15, Miss Whitehead; 9.10, orchestra; 9.20, Concertina Band; 9.40, Mr. J. T. Thom (electrophonist); 9.50, orchestra; 10, men's talk; 10.10, Concertina Band; 10.25, Mr. J. T. Thom; 10.35, orchestra; 10.45, news.



THE SECRET of DRESSING WELL

"No woman who desires to maintain the reputation for being well-dressed can afford to be without a necklace of

Ciro Pearls

This important statement was made recently by the fashion editress of "EVE."

We extend a cordial invitation to everyone to inspect the unique collection of pearls at our showrooms, or we will send you a necklace of Ciro Pearls 16 inches long, with solid gold clasp in beautiful case, on receipt of One Guinea. Wear them for a fortnight and compare them with any real pearls. If any difference is noticeable, you may return them to us and we will refund your money in full.

Our booklet No. 24 tells all about Ciro Pearls. Post free on request.

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178, REGENT STREET, W.1 (Dept. 24)

48, OLD BOND STREET, W.1 (Piccadilly End).

44, CHEAPSIDE, CITY, E.C.2.



CARR'S TABLE WATER BISCUITS

are not the ordinary water biscuits Try them and you will appreciate the difference.

M. & J. CARR & CO. LTD.
CARLISLE

"Fry's for Good"

Fry's

PURE BREAKFAST

Cocoa

7d. per quarter lb. tin



Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, AUGUST 7, 1923.

HOLIDAY ACCIDENTS.

LET us be carefree on a holiday! Let us not fret about bills and income tax and rates! The way to get a change is just to plant all your worries where they are, and then to run away.

No doubt very sound advice—for those who can apply it. We only wish that the carefree—or careless—spirit were not carried into the more perilous amusements of the holiday-maker.

Probably, when a good many hundreds and thousands of eager people are “on the move” by sea and road and river and mountain, it isn’t to be reasonably hoped that no accidents will happen. And a few of these accidents, as we remarked a little while ago, are of the romantic description that makes danger almost a pleasure, when it results in rescues of the fair by the brave.

But these, unfortunately, are not the only kind we have already to deplore, in this as in other holiday seasons.

People never “take warning.” They carry the spirit of carelessness into all their adventures. They will plunge into untested rivers and off perilous coasts. They will hurtle at frantic speed round the corners of unknown roads. Thus holiday accidents have a tragic familiarity. They fall into groups of carelessness against which annually the public are warned by well-meant “don’ts” in the Press.

A Bank Holiday crop of fatalities will be of use, however, if it leads the remaining August adventurers to reflect. Were you preparing to lunch off tinned meats and then to plunge into the sea? If so—don’t! A holiday is no time for suicide.

EVERYMAN’S GAME.

THIS week’s queues and crowds at the public golf course in Richmond Park show the Southerner what the Northerner has long realised—that golf has become Everyman’s game: no longer the sport of a privileged few.

It follows surely that “something must be done” to meet the incessant demand.

The Richmond course, we are told, is so congested that patient players may wait for over an hour for their turn. And golfing enthusiasts appear to be patient—until they begin to play.

We shall get ever more popular and public courses. We have a vision of half the available space in the home counties laid out in links.

Thereupon, as usual, a faint murmur comes from the old-fashioned pedestrian about his “rights.” The murmur grows very faint. Soon, as our cartoon to-day suggests, there will be no more pedestrians.

POOR BISHOPS!

M. R. H. G. WELLS has written a book about “The Soul of a Bishop”: an interesting subject into which we have no qualifications for inquiring.

About the clothes of a Bishop we venture to have views, which are that they (the clothes) ought to be abolished.

We do not mean that Bishops should go about in primitive Polynesian fashion, but only that some thought should be given for them, or by them, to their eccentric “attire”—as the Archbishop of Canterbury has just dignified it with a noble name.

The Dean of St. Paul’s, too, has a melancholy allusion to these strange episcopal garments in one of his essays. He evidently favours reform. And so does the Archbishop, who suffers more than a Dean. “Why,” he asks, “has a Bishop strings to his hat? Why are his nether limbs clad in a way other people would repudiate?”

Why, indeed? And if the Primate doesn’t know, who does? And if nobody knows, why doesn’t someone take pity upon Bishops and relieve them of those strings and hats and gaiters?

W. M.

THROUGH “THE MIRROR.”

Your Ideal Holiday—Sea Bathing Hints—What New Dances?—Business and Rest.

THE IDEAL HOLIDAY.

ONE of the best ways of getting really rested on a holiday is to possess one’s permanent holiday home—that is, a quiet secluded cottage which belongs to one, and to which one can go year by year.

Here one will find everything prepared, and in consequence it will not be necessary to take a lot of luggage. One will also escape the infinite bother of making up one’s mind about where to go, how to get there, and how to get rooms when one gets there.

Rye, Sussex. COUNTRY COTTAGE.

NO HOLIDAYS NEEDED?

I CANNOT agree with “Business.” It is clear that he is not a clerk and is past middle-age. One rarely meets a young clerk who is

NEW OR OLD DANCES?

AS the dancing season is over, it is time to ask what new dances we shall get in the autumn.

May I put in a plea for the revival of a few of the old ones? Let us have melodious music once again—music of the waltz, for instance, in place of these loud nerve-racking jazz discs!

A. M. FETHERSTONE.

POLKESTONE.

LUGGAGE IN ADVANCE.

LUGGAGE in advance is a very good idea—if it works smoothly.

Unfortunately there are too many cases of luggage being delayed and lost when one is unable to keep an eye on it.

I sent my luggage in advance once—and got

“LET’S GO FOR A WALKING TOUR.”



Is there any chance for the mere pedestrian in these mechanical and sporting days? Does anybody still walk?

willing to forgo his holidays for love of his work.

I think every business man should take a long holiday at least once a year to save him from getting into a physical as well as mental rut.

A CLERK.

THE BUSINESS MAN’S REST.

SOME philosopher has written that the truest joy in life is to make one’s work one’s hobby.

I suppose your correspondent, the “Business Man,” who doesn’t want a holiday, is one of these. His work interests him so much that he doesn’t care to leave it.

He must remember that few of us are in that position. The only people who feel this devotion to work are artists—under which head I include actors.

Goldene Green-road, N.W.

WINDOWS UP.

IT is highly amusing to read the correspondence in your columns under the above heading.

The question of railway windows being either up or down was finally settled years ago in a case that went to the Court of Appeal through an assault.

The Court then decided that any traveller in a railway carriage compartment could insist on one or both windows being closed if he or she so desired. No right whatever is attached to the traveller merely because, and the judgment was given in view that the weakest individual in the compartment had the right to the first consideration.

H. M.

Deganwy, North Wales.

BOLD BATHING.

WE were much amused by your cartoon on the man who went bathing because he thought that if it was warm out of the sea it must be warm in it.

That’s what most people go into the sea for—to get cool.

One always feels cold if one stands about in the bathing machine or cubicle thinking about it. One should look forward to the dip, and, when once in the bathing costume, fling oneself in the sea, so to speak, not wade in, so that the water gradually creeps up one’s body, causing one to gasp.

We always feel tempted to go behind people who stand at the water’s edge, lift them up and throw them in, just as a man would throw his dog in. But, then, we are perhaps a little too drastic in our methods of encouraging sea bathing!

Westigate.

WOMEN IN “SMOKERS.”

WHY will women ride in smoking carriages when there is plenty of room in non-smokers?

They must realise it is very annoying to any man who happens to be in the carriage, because a man does not like to smoke a pipe or cigar with the knowledge that the clouds of tobacco smoke are going straight into a lady’s face.

W. N.

Clifton Gardens, W.

CAUTIONS FOR HASTY TRAVELLERS.

HOW THE LAW STANDS ABOUT LUGGAGE.

By A BARRISTER.

I WONDER how much luggage, big and small, has been lost over this strenuous August week-end! Perhaps not so much as might be expected. For the railway companies are used to the vagueness and forgetfulness of the average traveller.

There are people who believe in taking “everything” with them. There are others who believe in going without hand luggage.

I leave them to settle the rival merits of their plans between them.

Merely, I may remark that the first or hand-luggage plan does at least confer upon travellers—especially Continental travellers—the great boon of being able to “walk right out of the station,” without waiting wearily for the big luggage to be recovered and sorted on each arrival, as well as weighed and questioned at each departure.

But what a burden this plan is apt to impose on the obliging men of the party!

Laden with “small” equipment, behold, they emerge from stations resembling holiday Father Christmases—if I may put it so. For women have a ready way of feeling suddenly faint or weak or seasick when it’s a question of carrying “small” luggage. And, I may perhaps add, what a nuisance the devotees of that same “small” luggage are apt to make of themselves to their fellow-travellers in a railway carriage!

THEIR OWN RISK.

Fortunately, the Continental railway racks are more comprehensive than ours. They are not built to “carry light articles only.”

The simple faith with which a traveller deposits a suit case, a coat or a valuable umbrella in the corner of a railway carriage to “keep his seat” while he dashes off to look after the family luggage or to get a bite of lunch before the train starts is amazing. The risk is his.

It is quite true that the company is—with certain limitations—responsible for all luggage put in the van, but this rule does not apply to hand articles taken by the traveller into his carriage. As a general rule he takes the sole care of these and in the event of their being stolen or lost he has no redress of any kind.

A similar word of caution should be given to those who go into restaurant cars for lunch or dinner, leaving behind them in their carriages the various bags and coats which accompany their travels.

Of course, it is a nuisance to “cart” all one’s possessions into the dining-car—on the other hand they remain there at the passenger’s own risk. If some light fingered gentleman does come along while dinner is in full swing, well, so much the worse for the diner—but the company will not have to bear the burden.

IF YOU LOSE IT!

Another critical moment in connection with luggage is, of course, the moment of arrival at a station.

If you get there just before the train goes, no difficulty arises save to get it into the train with all speed, but if there is a big gap between your arrival and the departure of the train the question does arise whether you should give it to a porter to look after or put it in the cloakroom.

The law on the subject is quite clear. If you give it to the porter a reasonable time before the train starts and it gets lost the company are liable, but if you entrust it to the porter for a longer time than that you bear your own loss.

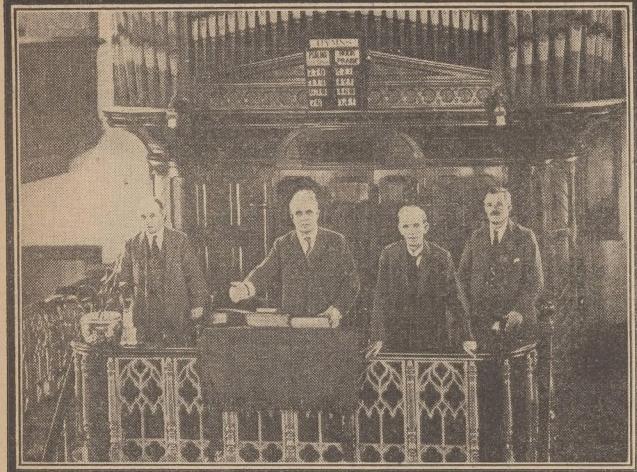
It is not possible to say exactly what a “reasonable time” is. It depends so much on circumstances, and in the event of a fight, the jury would have to decide what was “reasonable.” But it is very easy to see that a “reasonable time” at a big London terminus like King’s Cross or Euston is a good deal more elastic than that at a small wayside station, where you are likely to be the only passenger.

People in England are very happy-go-lucky about baggage, and often go years without loss, but there are, at this time in particular, a good many luggage thieves about, and it is just as well to take little extra trouble.

Nothing could so well spoil a trip or a holiday as the loss of a trunk containing much that is useful and more that is ornamental! In these cases even a pretty heavy insurance is hardly a compensation.

U.S. MINISTER AT HIS WELSH BIRTHPLACE

ANCIENT CELEBRATION IN DEVONSHIRE



Hon. J. Davis, Labour Minister for U.S.A., second from left, addressing the congregation at Sihl Baptist Chapel during his visit to Tredegar, his Welsh birthplace.



g. 206 Q
Mrs. Wyatt cutting the giant gooseberry pie at Calmpton, near Torquay. It contained lewt. of gooseberries. Every child in the parish was given a slice with Devonshire cream. This age-old custom is only carried out once in fifty years.



Mr. Davis knocking at the door of his birthplace.

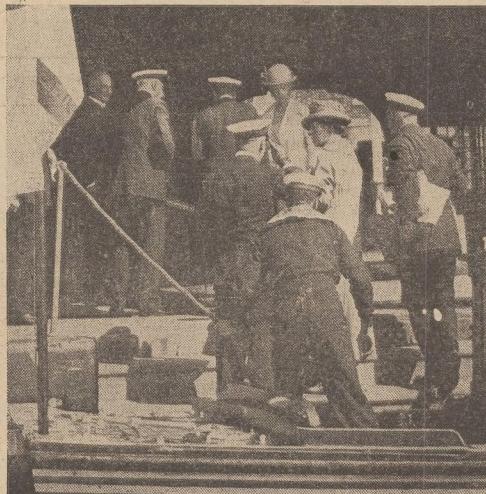
For the first time since he left for America many years ago, the Hon. J. Davis, U.S.A. Minister of Labour, has just visited Tredegar, where he was born and worked as a pitboy.



The King and Queen driving through the streets of East Cowes. They received the heartiest of greetings from the inhabitants of the loyal little town and from regatta visitors during their informal progress.



FOX'S NEW ROLE.—Betty, a young vixen, taking part in a Punch and Judy show at Llandudno. It is not stated whether a special part has been invented for her. She is good friends with Toby.



The Queen, the Duke of Connaught (second from left) and Princess Victoria landing for a visit to Osborne House.

ROYAL VISIT TO COWES.—The King and Queen, with other royal visitors, have made frequent visits ashore during their stay at Cowes and have been delighted with their reception.—(Daily Mirror.)



WHERE NURSE CAVELL WAS SHOT.—Memorial to Nurse Cavell unveiled in the prison of St. Gilles, Brussels, where she was shot by the Germans. She forgave those who brought her to death more readily than history will do.



Miss Rhona Browne, of Liverpool, who is engaged to marry Lieutenant H. H. Bushby, M.C. (late Coldstream Guards) next month.



Miss Dorothy Helmrich, the well-known Australian mezzo-soprano, who will sing British songs at the Salzburg Festival.

BRIGHT BANK HOLIDAY.

Popular Hosts at Cowes—Off to Canada—Mr. Bonar Law's Health.

IT IS NOT often that the weather thinks fit to favour Bank Holidays and the fullest advantage was taken yesterday of the warm sunshine and the cool and tempering breeze. The railway stations were full, the trains were full, the parks were full and even the wide countryside seemed full. It was, in fact, a very bright Bank Holiday, fully enjoyed.

The Holiday Appetite.

One of the things I noticed about the crowds was their increasing passion for solid refreshment. I have always observed that people on holiday eat more than they do when they are working, but yesterday's gastronomic achievements by alfresco diners was phenomenal. I saw one small family of four with a hamper big enough to hold the two children. When they opened it it was full of food and I have not the slightest doubt that they emptied it before evening.

Ex-Premier at Brighton.

I hear that Mr. Bonar Law, who has been staying at Brighton, is looking very sunburnt and fit. He has drastically cut down his smoking, and says he is feeling all the better in consequence. It is now established that the weakness of his voice is due to a functional disorder, which is troublesome but not dangerous. He is quite likely to be seen at Westminster again next session, though he will probably remain a "silent member" for some time to come.

Glorious Weather at Cowes.

Cowes Regatta opened yesterday in glorious weather, and thousands of visitors thronged the green and the narrow streets of the town. Pleasure steamers crammed with holiday-makers anxious to catch a glimpse of royalty arrived hourly, and racing proceeded under ideal conditions. The shimmering waters of the Solent seemed full of craft, sailing and steam yachts, and one which was out exceptionally early was Lord Iveagh's Sea Fay.

On the Royal Yacht.

The King, accompanied by the Duke of Connaught and Prince George, were sailing in the Britannia during the morning, and the Queen and Princess Victoria remained on the royal yacht until the afternoon, when a motor drive and an appointed call at Apsley Hall became due. Some beautiful frocks were worn by the visitors, among the most notable being Lady Crewe's, whose white gown was adorned with a royal blue buckle. Miss Poppy Baring was wearing a rose coloured hat and a cream jumper skirt.

The Greatest Gaiety.

Sir Godfrey and Lady Baring's hospitable Cowes residence, Nubia House, overlooking the Solent, will be, as usual, the scene of the greatest gaiety during this week. There is a house party which includes Lady Crewe, a relative of both host and hostess, Lady Granby and her brother, Mr. Michael Tenant, and throughout Regatta Week friends will be constantly coming and going for tennis and tea with Sir Godfrey and Lady Baring's two charming daughters, Poppy and Viola. Sometimes, too, Lady Baring arranges for dancing.

Hospitality.

The Barings rarely fail to receive their friends daily at Nubia House, and in so doing they are carrying on the hospitable traditions of Sir Godfrey's parents, the late General and Mrs. Charles Baring, a wonderfully handsome couple, who loved to entertain. Lady Baring is a delightful hostess, and she is the social life and soul of Cowes.



Sir Godfrey Baring.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women and Affairs in General

Poets and Their Poetry.

Mr. Laurence Housman, I hear, is to give a dramatic reading of selections from his "Little Plays of St. Francis" in the hall of Somerville College during the visit of Extension students to Oxford. And I learn with surprise that the Oxford America Club was recently favoured with a visit from the Poet Laureate, who recited to the members some of his own recent poems. This is the first time I have heard of the Poet Laureate writing anything for years.

Pretty Debutantes Engaged.

One of last year's prettiest debutantes is Miss Beatrice Beckett, who is to marry Sybil Lady Eden's younger son, Captain Robert Eden. Miss Beckett is the third of Sir George Beckett's four girls by his late wife, and step-daughter of Lady Marjorie Beckett, who is Lady Warwick's daughter. She has gone out a good deal with her cousin and step-sister, Lady Diana Duncombe, and the two girls were presented at the same Court last year. The future Mrs. Robert Eden is Lord Grimthorpe's cousin.

Off to Canada.

Lord and Lady Strafford are off to Canada with their daughters, the Lady Elizabeth and Lady Mary Byng, to stay with the Governor-General of Canada and Lady Byng of Vimy. They will be away several weeks, intending to do a lot of travelling besides paying a visit to Lord Byng, who is, of course, Lord Strafford's uncle. Lady Strafford is a sister of Lord Colebrooke, and she will be better remembered as Lady Enfield.



Lady Byng of Vimy.

home are leaving their daughters behind for a further stay. The Governor-General and his wife like having these young people with them, and not long ago they went on a visit of some months to the Government House, Ottawa.

The Bachelor Daddy.

It is not often that the people who write captions for films attain the following standard of pithiness: "Tom lived through the night and part of another day, only to wonder how any parent ever reached the age of forty." The film is "The Bachelor Daddy," presented yesterday, and concerns a man who adopted the five motherless children of his dying friend, despite the fact that his own wedding day was but a week distant. One only sees such examples of unselfishness on the screen.

Unhappy Boatmen.

I observe from a suburban contemporary that the boatmen of the Thames are dissatisfied with business this year. They say that the public should either pay more for the privilege of using their boats or use them more often. If one may judge from the number of people who wait about the Thames side trying to hire craft at 5s. an hour it seems that it would be impossible for the public to use them more often. Moreover, I cannot see how it is possible for the public to pay any more. I can only advise the boatmen to build more boats.

The Penicuik Jewels.

I hear that Dr. Walter Seton, F.S.A., has almost completed a monograph dealing with the Penicuik jewels of Mary Queen of Scots which were recently purchased in London and are now a national possession of Scotland.

First He Would.

The statement that Mr. McKenna has refused the Chancellorship of the Exchequer reminds a correspondent that when Pitt was Premier he offered the same post to Charles Townshend and gave him twelve hours to decide. Townshend accepted the post and immediately asked leave to retract. Two days later he asked Pitt again for the post, and on Pitt's refusal started off to ask the King, but changed his mind on the way. Then he turned again to his original mind, and, with the aid of the Duke of Grafton, persuaded Pitt to renew his offer, and he was gazetted before he changed his mind again.

The Saving Instinct.

"How to save money" should be one of the things taught in schools along with the three "R's" and the other subjects, for the instinct to save is strong in children, and they only want to be shown the right way to go about it. *The Daily Mirror* £25,000 Savings Certificate scheme will encourage them to save and will teach them a lesson which they will find valuable in after life.

Their First Shilling.

Already thousands of youngsters have begun to collect the certificates which are printed each day on the back page. Their parents, too, are helping them, and it will not be long before hundreds of children will receive their first shilling for ninety-six coupons. The thrifiters will wait till they have saved up 1,488, which entitles them to a National Savings Certificate. Do not forget that your collection must be addressed to 4-7, Lombard-lane.

Not Impressed.

The news from America that a twenty-nine-story building—the tallest of its kind in the world—is in course of construction recalls the story of Lord Balfour's view of such edifices. On one occasion a proud American pointed out the Metropolitan Tower and explained that it was 800ft. high, and being constructed of fireproof material could not possibly be burned down. "What a pity!" was Lord Balfour's only comment.

I'm an 'Atter."

Secretaries at holiday golfing resorts have a harrowing time at this season of the year. They are expected to fix up matches between all sorts of incongruous people. One of these officials recently introduced a man attired in immaculate "plus fours," and equipped with a bag, containing seventeen varieties of clubs, to a somewhat irascible colonel of the old type. "What are you?" asked the colonel, thinking of the strokes he might give or receive. "Oh," said the immaculate one. "I'm an 'atter." There was no match.



Miss Sylvia Eric Twiss, of Kensington, whose engagement to Mr. George L. S. Lightfoot, of Carlisle, has been announced.



The Duchess of Buccleuch, who has left London and will entertain a series of house parties for the grouse shooting.

Into the Wilds.

Literary folk are fleeing into the wilds for August—most of them more intent, it seems, on work than on play. Miss Clementine Dane is staying in Devonshire, not far from Uxminster and Mr. Ward Muir is off, with a just-burned novel, to Scotland.

Post Office Humour.

I noticed the following bright notice in a large London post office the other day: "Yes, there is no Australian mail this week." When we find topical humour in a Government department it is not unreasonable to expect some sparkling things from other public notices and announcements.

Something for Nothing.

The Rev. Vernon Bartlett has been expounding the evil of gambling which consists, according to him, in the attempt to get something for nothing. Most people, I fancy, will prefer the definition of the philosopher who wrote that "the chief harm of gambling is losing."

Conscience Awakes.

The case of the conscience-stricken Irish raiders who have just returned a portion of the money they looted from an Irish bank reminds me of the story of the sportsman who stole a £5 note and, later, repented to some extent. "Dear sir," he wrote to its rightful owner, "I stole your money. remorse gnaws my conscience, and I send you a sovereign. When remorse gnaws again I will send you some more."

THE RAMBLER.



"I think I let these go by for two whole years"

He thought all cigarettes were alike. He didn't dream that the cork-tip could make all that difference. You just try them!



20 for 1-
CRAVEN "A"
CORK-TIPPED
Virginia Cigarettes
Made Specially to Prevent Sore Throats.

SUNSHINE AND COOL BREEZES FOR ENGLAND'S GREAT HOLIDAY OF THE



Miss Stringer about to weigh in after winning the Ladies' Horse Race at Chertsey yesterday.



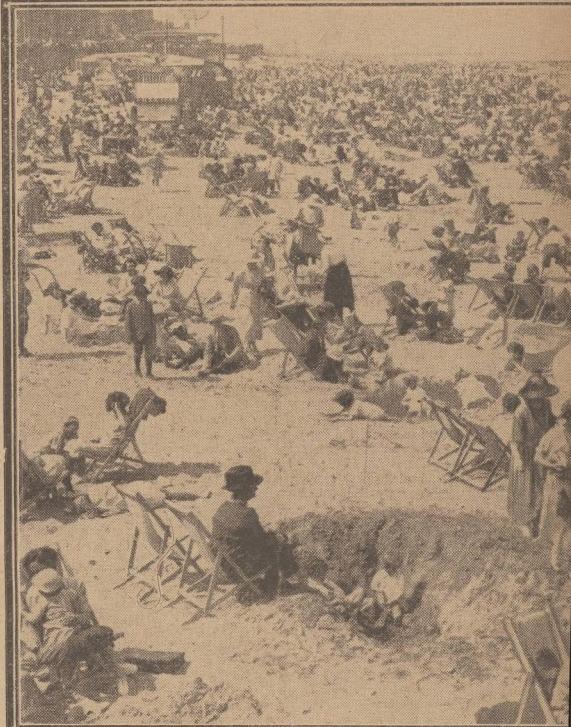
Miss Stringer winning at Chertsey on her horse Bo-Peep. She was second in a race with men riders.



The navigation of the wherry does not seem to cause much anxiety. A lookout astern is apparently necessary.



Very appropriate costume for swabbing down decks. Wherry girls making things shipshape in the morning.



The broad sands of merry Margate nearly covered by the great B.



Up above the world so high. On the flying swings at Hampstead Heath.



Belles on the bowsprit! It is into the rippling w.



Spending their holiday unencumbered by menfolk in a wherry on the Norfolk Broads, and teaching Polly a few nautical terms during a rest in the heat.

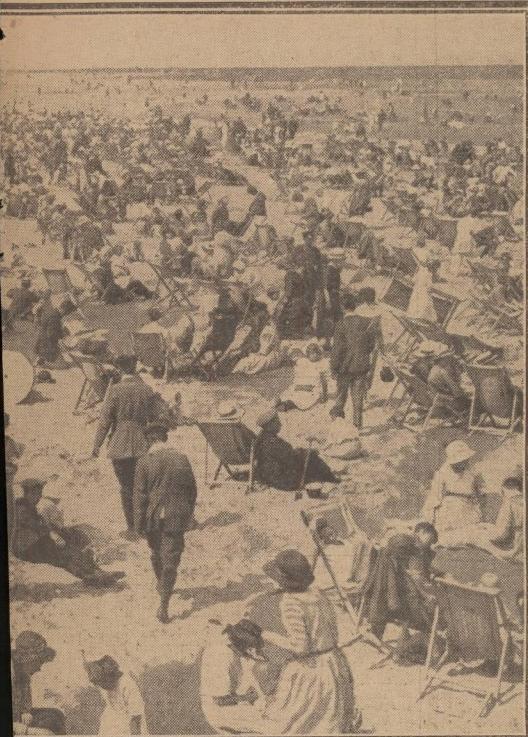


A Zoo elephant puts the pennies he collects into his keeper's pocket.



A shrimping girl, professionally dressed in trousers and waders coming in.

E YEAR—JOYOUS CROWDS ON BEACH, RIVER AND HAMPSTEAD HEATH



Holiday crowd. But there is plenty of breeze for all of them.

A crowd of children in one of the ponds at Hampstead begging pennies from the holiday crowd. *95316*The inevitable strays of holiday time were well looked after by the ever-ready gentleman in blue. *95318*Some of the folk who could not leave town found compensation in water frolics at Chiswick baths. *95319*Lé Champion in his Isotta-Fraschini car, winner of the lightning short handicap at Brooklands yesterday. *934652*secure perch, but a fall
do no harm.Shy of the sea at her first
sight of the waves, baby needs
encouragement. *95309*Not another will it hold. An up-river
steamer leaving Westminster.Motoring enthusiasts among racing machines at Brooklands yesterday after they lined up in the paddock before the second race. *91073 A*

PERSONAL.

SUPERFLUOUS hair permanently removed from face with electricity; ladies only—Miss Florence Wood, 29, Granville-gardens, Shepherd's Bush, W.12. Min. Tuba.

WHERE DID YOU COME FROM, MAMMA? A Beautiful Show Girl. English Simplicity! 2s. p.t.—Publishers, Scala-chambers, Torquay.

COPIES of photographs appearing in "The Daily Mirror" may be purchased by readers at the usual prices on application to the office.

GREY hairs.—Touch up the first ones with Tatcho-Tone; trial phial 8d.—Tatcho-Tone, 5, Great Queen-st., W.C.

"OF golden locks, or grey, or brown,
Hinden Waves make a beauteous crown."

SEE the name "Cadbury" on every piece of chocolate.

The above advertisements are charged at the rate of One Shilling per word minimum eight words. Trade Advertisements in Personal Column, One Shilling and Six-pence Per Word. Name and address of sender must also be sent. Address, Advertisement Manager, "Daily Mirror," 23-29, Bouvierie-st, London, E.C.4.

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

ABELPHIUS—2.30, 8.15. ROSSINIAN, by J. M. Barrie, 3.15, 9. THE YOUNG PERSON IN PINK, Mata, Tu, Th, 2.30.

ALDWYCH—Evens, 8.15. "WEI, THIUS, 2.30, 8.15. TONS OF MONEY. Yvonne Arnaud, Tom Walls, Ralph Lynn.

ANASAZIS—8.15. THE LITTLE MEN OF THE FIELD. Norma Shearer, Edna Best, Mata, Fri, Sat, 2.30.

APOLLO—WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS, by J. M. Barrie. To-day, at 2.30 and 8.15. Mata, Tu, Th, 2.30.

COMEDY—To-day, at 3 and 9. PEACE AND QUIET. Hilda Moore, Mata, Mata, and Sat, 2.30.

CRITERION—2.30 and 8.15. Mata, Tu and Sat, 2.30.

SEND FOR DR. O'GRADY. By George Birmingham.

DALYS—THE MERRY WIDOW. Nightly, at 8.15. Mata, Wed, Sat, 2.30.

GLOBE—BLUEBEARD'S 8TH WIFE. Eggs, 8.30. Wed, Sat, 2.30. Madge Titheradge, Norman McMeekin.

GOULDERS GREEN HIPPODROME—Evens, 8.15. "THE SAILOR." Eddie Waring, Talcott, Production, Mata, Sat, 2.30.

HIPPODROME—2.30 and 8.15. BRIGHTER LONDON. Billy Morson, Lupino Lupino, The London Band, etc.

LITTLE (RECAST)—2.45, 8.15. "THE DOGHOUSE." Eggs, 9. Mata, Mon and Th, 2.45. Reduced Mat. Prices.

PALACE—VIVIENNE—Evens, 8.15. Mata, Tu, Sat, 2.30.

DOVER STREET TO DIXIE. S. Lupino, O. Myrtle, F. Mills.

LYRIC—8.15. Mata, Tu, Sat, 2.30. "LILIC TIME."

A Play with Music by Schubert, 8.05.

LYRIC, H. SMITH—Evens, 8.15. THE BEGGAR'S OPERA. Mata, Wed and Sat, 2.30. 1312TH PERFORMANCE.

MAGDELEN NEIGHBOURS. By Edward G. Nease—3 and 8.

DE BERN CLIVE MASKELLYNE—Evens, 8.15. "THE SCAR." 9.05.

NEW—(Reg. 4468). Te-morrow, 8. Mata, Tu, Th, 2.30.

PIVOTONAL—Evens, 8.15. Mata, Tu, Sat, 2.30.

DOVER STREET TO DIXIE. S. Lupino, O. Myrtle, F. Mills.

LYRIC—8.15. Mata, Tu, Sat, 2.30. "LILIC TIME."

A Play with Music by Schubert, 8.05.

LYRIC, H. SMITH—Evens, 8.15. "SO THIS IS LONDON."

QUEEN'S—(Gerr. 7422). 8.30. Wed, Sat, 2.30. American American John, 8.05.

STORY TELLING. Mata, Tu, Sat, 2.30. Story Telling.

Evens, at 8.30. Mata, Wednesday and Saturday, 2.30.

REGENT, KING'S X-NIGHTLY. Mata, Tu, Sat, 2.30.

REGENT, KING'S X-NIGHTLY. Mata, Tu, Sat, 2.30.

REGENT—Drinks, 8.30.

ROYALTY—Evens, 8.05. Mata, Tu, Sat, 2.30.

Dennis Eddie Jean Cadell, Mata, Wed and Sat, 2.30.

ST. JAMES—Evens, 8.30. THE OUTSIDER.

ST. MARTIN'S—Isobel Elton, Mata, Wed, Fri, 2.30.

"The Talk of the Town," Mata, Tu, Sat, 2.30.

SAVOY—(Gerr. 5366). At 8.15. Mata, Tu, Sat, 2.30.

SAVOY—POLLY. Mata, Mon, Tu, Wed, Fri, 2.30.

THE ST. JAMES' DODDS. Mata, Tu, Sat, 2.30.

VAUDEVILLE—2.30, 8.15. Mata, Tu, Sat, 2.30.

A. Charles's Revue. Alfred Lester, Gertrude Lawrence.

WINTER GARDEN—8. Sat, 2.30. THE CABARET GIRL.

George Grossmith, Dorothy Dickson and Leslie Henson.

WYNDHAM'S—Gerald du Motier in "THE DANSEUSE."

Evens, 8.15 (except Mons.). Mata, Wed and Sat, 2.30.

ALHAMBRA—(Gerr. 5064). 2.30, 6.10 and 8.45. London.

ALHAMBRA—(Gerr. 5064). 2.30, 6.10 and 8.45. London.

COLISEUM—(Gerr. 75402). 2.30, 7.45. Robert Leonard, Alba Tiburio, Lapokova, Billy Danvers, etc.

PALLADIUM—(Gerr. 1004). 2.30, 8. 8.45. Lee Kels, Mata, Tu, Sat, 2.30. Mata, Mata, Mata, Mata.

EMPIRE—(Gerr. 2020). Mata, Tu, Sat, 2.30.

ENEMIES OF WOMEN, by Vicente Blasco Ibanez.

NEW GALLERY—Regents—Mrs. Murray, in "Jazzman," Mata, Tu, Sat, 2.30.

STOLL PICTURE THEATRE—Kingston, Mata, Tu, Sat, 2.30.

Thomas Meighan, Charles Chaplin, Harold Lloyd, etc.

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FURNITURE Second-hand. Antique and Modern—Reproductions, 10/- to 100/-; beds, 10/- to 100/-; sofa, 10/- to 100/-; emerald suitcases from 9/-; 50 bedsteads, to 10/-; 25 dining-tables, 10/- to 100/-; 25 bedroom furniture, 10/- to 100/-; 25 conservatories, 10/- to 100/-; 25 lounge chairs from £2.2s.; 25 complete dining-rooms, 10/- to 100/-; 25 drawing-room suites, 10/- to 15/-; two easy chairs, and handsome china display cabinet, from 15/-.

Cupboards of every description from 30/-; pianos from 10/-; 25 sets of silver plate, 10/- to 100/-; 25 sets of Curzon's Furniture and Carpet Depositories, Ltd., 272, Pentonville, King's Cross, (near King's Cross Station); 9/- to 100/-; 25 sets of curtains, 10/- to 100/-; free 12/- each if desired, or delivered town or country free.

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AFRICAN Grey Parrots; also Young Parrots and Cages, from 40/-; illustrated list free—Chapmans, 17, Tottenham Court-road, W.1.

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WORTH—Cheap Photo Material catalogue sample free—Hackett's, J.W. Ltd., Liverpool.



Ease of Mind

Perfect ease of mind—that deflected condition pictured by poets —fabled by philosophers in Arcadian or Utopian dreams—is difficult to attain. Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards, nor is woman entirely exempt from worry. The best we can do is to offer contentment in instalments, and by all means let us begin with the feet.

Lotus and Delta shoes are made by contented people for contented people. They carry the secret of contentment in their well cut lines, admirable fit and strong yet supple leathers. Small part though it be that they have to play in the drama of costume, they yet give to a woman an invincible feeling of being well dressed. It is the ground plan of a mind at ease.

Lotus & Delta
BOOTS AND SHOES

Made by Master Craftsmen

Lotus agents are to be found in every district and have special facilities for giving good shoe service. A beautifully illustrated style book, entitled "New Season's Styles" will be sent to any reader upon application to Lotus Ltd, Stafford

DEVELOPING & PRINTING FOR

Your films are very valuable to you, and cost little to develop. Send them to the cheapest and best house in the trade for

Developing & Printing

I will develop your spools and give you one print free from each reel. Address—Brownie No. 2, or V.P.K. for 1/-.

Best work & prompt delivery guaranteed. (Dept. D.M.)

MARTIN CHEMIST
SOUTHAMPTON

FIRST HOT—THEN COLD!

NERVOUSNESS
TIMIDITY, BLUSHING

Ever feel "jumpy," worn-out, jaded, headache and fits go into company? Fear to face people? It's lack of nerve control. Get NERVE not NERVES and you will get rid of all your trouble. This special blend has FREE the secret, simple home cure in 7 days for all Nerve and Heart Weakness, Palpitation, Blushing, Sudden Pale-ness, Shyness, Lack of Confidence, Hot and Cold Sensations. The cure is very simple, complete and safe. Write for details. Price 1/- a day. Write today for full information, quite PRIVATE if you mention "Daily Mirror."

M. DEAN, 12, All Saints Road, St. Annes-on-Sea.

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are received at the offices of "The Daily Mirror," 23-29, Bouvierie-st, E.C.4, between the hours of 10 and 6 (Saturdays, 10 to 1). General and Classified Advertisements, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum 2 lines, average 7 words to the line. Financial partnerships and Public Notices, 10s. per line, minimum 2 lines.

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PIANO Bargains, new and second-hand; best makes from 21st century—Parker's, 167, Bishopsgate.

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Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines. ARE you fatigued? Try our Triplex Grates. Tablets, in plain wrapper; P.O. 1a, 3d.—Tilman Co., 12, Lavant House, Ludgate Hill, E.C.4.

SKIN Diseases positively cured when nothing else fails—Write to J. G. Wilkinson, M.P.S. Chemist, 72, Dragon-road, Harringate.

TRAVEL—Woolen Garments, etc., are washed, reconditioned and Retinted to original fresh shade by Castlebank; how easily and safely! Ask for their Weatherproof suit or Costume may be had in 10 days—no trouble, no expense, no special Treatment; Gen's 8s. 6d., Ladies 7s. 6d.; return post paid; ask for Fleur de lys No. 12, 1/- post free—Castlebank.

TOPPERS Permanent Wave (from a guinea); latest method guaranteed harmless; advice given free—209, Oxford-st, W.1.

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Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines. CYCLE Bicycles, All kinds, new and second-hand; bargain prices. Premier, Humber, Centaur, Rover, Rambler, etc. Bicycles, etc., are repaired and fitted.

TRIFLICK Artificial (old) Bought—Higher same as new when well preserved and cleaned, Reproduced and Retinted to original fresh shade by Castlebank; how easily and safely! Ask for their Weatherproof suit or Costume may be had in 10 days—no trouble, no expense, no special Treatment; Gen's 8s. 6d., Ladies 7s. 6d.; return post paid; if offer not accepted parcel returned post free; satisfaction guaranteed by the reliable firm—S. Cann and Company, 14, Newgate-st, London, E.C.4.

ARTIFICIAL (old) Bought—Up to 2/- per tooth paid by British Trade Co., Department M, 120, New Bond-st, London, W.1. Also Old Gold and Jewellery bought.

CONDITION no object; wanted ladies', gen', children's, men's, babies' gold and jewellery—Apply for price—Gen's 8s. 6d., Ladies 7s. 6d.

TURN YOUR SPARE TIME INTO MONEY; sell Cutlery, huge profits—Mr. Smith's Emporium Co., Hornechurch, Essex.

TRICOT—Australia; assured homes and work guaranteed; minimum wage 1/- weekly—Write Lady Superintendent, Church-street, W.1.

XMAS Checks & Chancet. Outlay—Temporary Agents wanted; good remuneration; no capital required; particular firms—Samuel Driver, South Market, 57, Church-st, Hove.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines. TO Parents and Guardians—All London Telephone Training College girls, aged 26 years, Calm and Warlike; Telegrams: youth from 16 onwards trained for these services and professions; moderate fees—Apply for price—Gen's 8s. 6d., Ladies 7s. 6d.

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Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines. A Dainty Lingerie Set, 4 garments, 12s. 9d.; beautiful home-work; special terms; stamp—Marie, 99, Tottenham-hill Rd., N.13, London.

COUCHES—Heavy drab Jean fitted whalebone; 6s. pair, post free—Alder's Corset Factory, Dept. M., Portsmouth.

TRICOT—The complete Wedding Trouseaux—(if required) comprising 12 beautiful garments, dainty embroidery, fine materials, latest designs; accept 30/-; bargain—Miss Munro, 17a, Caversham, Reading.

N.Y. COMMODITY Sales, Bulk, Bracelet, Watch and Field Glasses for the holidays on easy terms, from 1s. weekly; Price List free name or address—Masters, Ltd., Ry. 12, B.R. 2nd, 2nd floor, 2nd door, 2nd floor, 2nd door.

PATTERNS—Beaumont's Contractors, Portsmouth.

WIGS AND COVERINGS for men or complete baldness a speciality—Good results—Write—Best makes only supplied; particular firms—Samuel Driver, South Market, 57, Church-st, Hove.

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THE MANAGER, "Overseas Weekly Mirror," 23-29, Bouvierie St., London.

PIP, SQUEAK AND WILFRED

A Happy Family of Pets Whose Comical Adventures Are Famous Throughout the World

HOLIDAY FUN.

At Home.

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS.—Would you like to hear how the various members of our little family circle spent their Bank Holiday? Pip, Squeak and Wilfred had a most strenuous time, of course—they met thousands of new friends at Yarmouth, Gorleston and Lowestoft, and had a splendid reception at each town. Our other friends enjoyed themselves as follows:

Aunt Emily—Spent a quiet day in the garden and cut the privet hedge. Taught Polly a new word—"Lullaby." (Wilfred will be furious, as this is his word!)

Angeline—Went on the pier at the seaside and spent three shillings and fivepence on the penny-in-the-slot machine. Had her fortune told, and was informed she would have ten

thousand pounds' left her by a mysterious friend, but she must beware of a dark foe. Christopher—Took a boat out on the river with Jimson and Norcott. Threw a sponge cake at Jimson and Norcott, put his foot in the jam. (That is Christopher's idea of a good joke.)

Poppy (who has temporarily taken Angeline's place)—Went to Hampstead Heath and won a coconut. Wrote "Lucy of Hazelcoppice" in the afternoon.

Alfred Furry—Had a peaceful nap.

Henry the office boy—Enjoyed himself at a fair. Had three lees and five bottles of ginger-beer, and then went on the swings and on the roundabouts. Didn't feel so well at tea-time.

Well, that is how my "family" spent the holiday. I hope you all enjoyed yourselves as much.

Your affectionate Uncle Dick.

WILFRED AND THE KITE: A TRAGI-COMEDY.



1. The pets had met a little boy on the cliffs who kindly lent Wilfred his kite.



3. At first the kite would not rise. The little rabbit looked glumly at it.

4. At last, however, Pip managed to fly it—and a smile appeared on Wilfred's little face.



5. Presently he began to nudge Pip, but the dog did not seem to notice him.

6. When they returned the kite, Wilfred burst into tears. He hadn't had any fun at all!

LUCY OF HAZELCOPPIE.

By POPPY.

[Poppy, the little "help" who is taking Angeline's place for a few weeks, has written this little story for us. It is her idea of what a good story should be.—U.D.]

"ONLY a kitchen maid!" Lucy, the little maid-of-all-work at Hazelcoppice Park, dropped a tear as she gave the bacon another

PETS AT FELIXSTOWE SPA.

Pip, Squeak and Wilfred will appear in the Pavilion Grounds at FELIXSTOWE SPA about 10.00 this morning and on the Front at CLACTON soon after 2.30 p.m. Tomorrow they will be at Southend.

turn in the pan. "How I wish," she went on, clasping her hands, "now I wish I was a real lady, with a crown and a tara and a green necklace! Oh, wouldn't it be lovely!"

Just at that moment the door was dashed open, and Sir Percy Vere de Vere, the lord of Hazelcoppice Park, strode in, tapping his riding boot with a hunting-crop.

He was a tall man with red hair, a drooping black moustache and protruding teeth. "Hal! the bacon is burning, careless girl!" he barked. "And I have been hunting, and am hungry. I shall dismiss you!"

Lucy shrank back. "Oh, don't send me out into the cold world!" she cried.

Sir Percy gnashed his teeth. "Don't bandy words with me," he commanded, pointing to the door with his hunting-crop. "Go, and do not darken these doors again."

Lucy bowed her head and began to pack her things in a valise.

But, hark! What is this maddening figure striding up the park drive? It is Harry Daring, the young lawyer from the village!

Leaping into the room, he threw a bundle of parchment on the kitchen table. "Sir Percy!" he cried, "you are not the rightful lord of Hazelcoppice Park!" These words prove that the park belongs to your cousin Lady Lucy Vere de Vere, who has been a kitchen maid in her own kitchen! Base wretch, what have you to say?"

Sir Percy staggered back. "Foiled!" he muttered, getting his notebook out; then, with one bound, he sprang through the open window and was never seen again. (There was a deep well just underneath.)

Little Lucy, once the poor maid-of-all-work, is now the proud owner of Hazelcoppice Park; but she is not called Lady Lucy Vere de Vere. She is now known as Mrs. Daring.

Why should turtles be pitied?—Because theirs is a hard "case."

Which is the oldest tree?—The elder-tree. Which is the ugliest tree?—The plane tree.

don't forget

FELS-NAPTHA SOAP

loosens dirt
in half-an-hour
and cleanses
without rubbing



Protect Your PETS and POULTRY

FROM ALL INSECTS

by dusting them occasionally

—and also their beds or nests—

WITH
SHERLEY'S
INSECT POWDER

Harmless and non-irritant to Birds and Animals, however young.

IN LARGE PERFORATED TINS:



9d. & 1/3

From leading Stores, Chemists & Grocers and Merchants

A. F. SHERLEY & CO. LTD., 18, Marshalsea Rd., S.E.1.



Cheer up the Cold Joint with a little

H.P.
sauce

Of Grocers everywhere.

BOURNVILLE

1/2 HALF POUND

PER 2½ POUND

COCOA

4 lb-7½ 1 lb-2¼

HOW TO MAKE DELICIOUS DRINKING CHOCOLATE WITH BOURNVILLE COCOA

For a large cup put into a saucepan a level dessert-spoonful of Cocoa and an equal amount of sugar (or more to taste) with half a cup of water. When BOILING add half a cup of cold milk.

BOIL again for one minute. Whisk, and serve hot.

See the name "CADBURY" on every piece of Chocolate.

Hooker's
The Malted Milk with the Nicest Flavour

A splendid holiday beverage is HOOKER'S—just the delicious drink you need after a sea bathe, sea trip or motor drive. Between meals, too, and last thing at night.

Theew, HOOKER & Gibby, Ltd.

Buckingham.

105

YOU CAN BEGIN THIS GRAND NEW HOLIDAY SERIAL TO-DAY TIDES OF FATE



Payne Whitfield.

**NEW READERS
BEGIN HERE!**

NANCY SHERIDAN, an employee at a shop on Clerkenwell Green, Prud's Fleet-street, is distressed because she has received her dismissal and is threatened with penury. She is a cheery, impulsive, "blown about by name Payne Whitfield, to whom Nancy has been sending dunning letters on behalf of Samuel Prud.

He explains, while discharging the bill, that he is the son of a wealthy man who disbelieves in his commercial capabilities, and has offered him one hundred pounds with which to go round the world and "make good." He fails to add that it is also a test as to whether he is worthy of the hand of Lady Clara Mostell.

Samuel Prud's dismissal of Nancy, however, is only a ruse to get her in his power. He has lately made the will of old Claudius Rockmore, an erratic gentleman, living in a small house as Nancy had made her sole legatees of his vast fortune—a fortune which includes the possession of an island containing a rich pearl-fishery. Nancy is ignorant of this great inheritance, but she is now asked to sign a paper to marry her to an unscrupulous Scandinavian aristocrat, Count Wilmar Gröné. Half of Nancy's fortune goes to her husband when she marries, and Prud's idea is to share the plunder.

Accordingly, it is told that an opportunity exists for her to act as secretary-companion to Count Gröné's mother on a long voyage, and the girl is elated when she learns that Prud's influence may get her the post. When she gets home that night old Mr. Rockmore falls dangerously ill.

AN EARLY CALLER.

OLD Mr. Rockmore was dead.

Death had been a recurrent tragedy in Nancy Sheridan's experience. First her only and greatly beloved brother had fallen in the war, and that was a grief from which neither of her parents had recovered. True, they both lingered for a while, but more accurately it should be described as a gradual slipping away. During the year Nancy had lived at the Allens', she had come to love Mr. Rockmore, dearly. Some of her happiest memories were concerned with a grand old dame whom she called "Granny." She was much like the gentle, white-headed old man. There had been nothing pretended in her affection for Claudius Rockmore, and now that he was dead she felt particularly desolate.

Bad luck seemed to have marked her down. Losing a job is bad enough, but losing a friend is worse.

The February dawn broke cold and dark. Also, it broke late. Long before daylight, the earth began to clatter into Covent Garden, with every driver apparently in a bad-tempered mood and determined to vent his grievances at the top of his lungs.

Ordinarily, Nancy slept through the pean of assorted sounds which always started about four o'clock, but this morning it seemed to her strange that even Mr. Rockmore could sleep through it.

She tossed restlessly. He was dead, her dear old "Granny." She had lost her job, and was going to lose it. Could she depend upon the assurances of a Mr. Prud? Naturally of a cheerful disposition himself, he would speed her with every kind hope and benefit. He would even answer advertisements on her behalf—or pretend to answer them. How much money was there left? In the dark Nancy made a mental calculation, pressing her hands to her ears, and shut out the noise of traffic. Something like twelve shillings in her purse with thirty to come from Mr. Prud on Friday, and a seven-pounds-something in the Post Office savings.

How perilously she had lived, and must continue to live! Always on the borderland of want. Some day, perhaps—she shivered and drew the bedclothes about her, feeling the need of warmth and protection.

Suddenly she remembered that to-day was her birthday, the 14th of February, and she was twenty-one. Tears trickled down her cheeks; some for Mr. Rockmore, and some—it must be confessed—for Nancy Sheridan.

At an hour when most people are thinking about getting up, the noise in the market began to subside. Thus it was that a tap at the door roused Nancy from the light slumber into which she had fallen again.

"Eight o'clock?" she exclaimed, sitting up with a start.

"Not quite half-past," replied Mrs. Allen. "I've lighted the gas-er. If you make haste you can get in afro Mr. Lurcher, but leave the geyser on and turn the bath-mat so's he won't suspect. His fussiness makes me wonder why I put up with him. I'll never get used to gentlemen with West End's habits and nothing much else. Complained, if you please, because there was a death in the house last night! I asked him straight what he thought he'd do when it came in his own time. Hark, there's the doorbell! Now, hurry along, Miss Nancy. Breakfast will be waiting when you come down."

Nancy hurried; she remembered what Samuel Prud had said about wearing her Sunday frock to the office to-day, and she put it on more because she possessed a naturally obedient disposition to those in authority over her than in the hope of there being any reply from the Countess X., who traveled a companion-secretary for her foreign travels.

(All the characters in this story are fictitious. Translation, dramatic and all other rights reserved.)

It was a simple enough dress—just a coat-frock of dark blue serge with a touch of red embroidery, and Nancy had made it herself—but she looked very sweet and trim as she descended to the kitchen parlour for breakfast.

Mrs. Allen was in the scullery, where the actual cooking operations took place, and for a second Nancy thought the room was occupied. A sharp scratch stirred in the wing chair which faced towards the glowing range, and her hand slipped a boat. Mr. Rockmore was upstairs lying cold and still under a sheet.

There arose the short, gnome-like figure of Samuel Prud.

Her heart resumed its beating at a quicker pace. Mr. Prud here, at nine o'clock in the morning? Eleven at the office was early for him.

There was a distinct air of nervousness in his greeting of her.

"The old gen'l's gone," he said solemnly. He shook Nancy's hand in a deferential manner which puzzled her. Why should he shake hands with her at all?

"I came with good news," he said lugubriously, "and here I find bad. That's the way of the world, ain't it?"

Mr. Allen entered with the inevitable bacon and eggs. She threw a sour look at Mr. Prud, which he seemed to dodge. Something had happened between them before Nancy's arrival.

Drawing Nancy aside, he spoke in a hurried undertone.

"Business can't wait on—er—bereavement. Not always it can't. Miss Sheridan. I take it I'm doing you a favour, why you just say so that's all. Here's my answer from the countess. I was sure we'd get. She's the Countess Gröné, a Scandinavian lady by marriage, a widow. Funny thing, I happen to know her. Did some legal business over a couple of years that's set out the family, and they're meant to buy back if the other parties will sell. Well, here's her letter—"

Mr. Prud interrupted himself to fish for the letter, rolling a decisive eye at Mrs. Allen, who had set the platter on the range to keep warm, and was now frankly listening to all he was saying to Nancy.

"If I was you," the solicitor continued hastily, "I'd call on her ladyship at once—as soon as I'd had my breakfast, that is. You can see she's in a hurry. Might wait till if the leaves fit too long. That's why I took the liberty of intruding myself at this early hour. No offence, I hope?"

"Indeed not!" Nancy exclaimed warmly. "You certainly have been kind to me, Mr. Prud, and I scarcely know how to thank you?"

He looked old and tired in the grey early light, and thinking of him taking so much trouble on her behalf, Nancy felt overwhelmed with remorse, realizing that the many times his questionable business dealings had filled her with contempt.

"Well, that's all right, then. I'll leave the letter with you. Drop around at the office when you've seen her ladyship and let me know how things went. S'long, then—and good-morning to you, madam."

"Good morning," Mrs. Allen returned icily.

THE OTHER GIRL.

NANCY sat down at the table in a sort of dream, scarcely noticing the heaped-up plate which her landlady set before her.

The girl's mind harked back to yesterday afternoon when she had been crying because Mr. Prud couldn't afford to keep her any longer, and then Payne Whitfield had come to pay his tailor's bill, and told her he was going around the world.

How excited he had been, that young man with the adventurous eyes, and how Nancy had envied him. Yes, he might be a son of Mr. Rockmore's friend, for certainly a possibility of Spanish blood lay in the turbulent, eager darkness of his friendly face. Should she ever see him again?

He had clasped in her hand, lay the promise of an adventure of her own.

To begin with, the note-paper itself exuded a refinement of elegance in its old-fashioned thickness and scent of sandal-wood, with a tiny coronet and heraldic device at the top. The address was in Clarges-street, suggesting to the girl's imaginative mind a pageant of Mayfair,

wherein dashing men who wore top hats and flowers in their buttonholes strolled in and out of their magnificent clubs, and languorous great ladies moved in limousines from one social festivity to another.

And this particular great lady had written to humble Mr. Prud with her own fair hand, a delicate, old-fashioned hand, inditing thin slanting lines; she had written to her "old friend, Mr. Prud," reminding him of how much she had liked him, and saying how delighted she was that he could personally recommend a young person for the appointment she wished to confer.

Pink spots burned in Nancy Sheridan's cheeks as she read the letter, and drab London faded away for the moment.

Salary two-pounds-a-week, for the secretary, and "all found" in the yachting cruise in which she had been engaged, and which she hoped to do a little literary work. A publisher had asked her to write her reminiscences, and she felt that in the interests of posterity she ought to do it. But they really must start on Saturday, and unless Miss Sheridan could be ready by that time, the Countess Gröné would be obliged to find someone else. In any case, Miss Sheridan would please call upon the Countess, and they could discuss the matter.

"Your breakfast will be cold," said Mrs. Allen.

Nancy flew into voluble explanations, giving her landlady the letter to read while she attacked the congealing bacon. She was too excited to eat very much.

"Well, I don't know," commented Mrs. Allen.

"Looks all right, sounds all right. We shall hate to lose you, my dear. Hm! That Mr.

Allen. Allen's your name?"

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HOLEPROOF SILK LADIES' HOSE.

TWO MONTHS' WEAR OR ANOTHER PAIR

We guarantee these Holesproof Hose to wear without holes or ladders for two months. If holes or ladders appear we will replace with new Holes free. A written Guarantee is given to purchasers of three or more pairs of these Holesproof Hose.

Any quantity under three pairs sold without Guarantee.



"The Countess" Pure Silk Ladies' Holesproof Hose. Our noted Holesproof Pure Silk Hose for Street wear. With seam at back. Lise top elastic. The hose is made with specially prepared mercerised silk and an elegant waistband which is specially manufactured to resist hard wear. In stock: Big, White, Grey, Tan, Taupe, Beaver, Sand, Cinnamon, Nude and all shades.

8/11 Per 3 pairs with written guarantee for 2 months. **26/9**

"The Elite" Holesproof Mercerised Little Ladies' Hose. Full fashioned, with fashioned feet. Superior quality. Looks and wears like best quality silk. Most colours. Sizes 7½ to 11½. White, Light and Dark Grey, Champagne and Negro. All sizes. **3/11** Per 3 pairs with written guarantee for 2 months. **11/9**

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—Every reason for satisfaction is found in Calvert's Carbolic Tooth Powder. The pleasant flavour of this famous dentifrice makes it easy to get children to begin taking proper care of their teeth.

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Calvert's [CARBOLIC] Tooth Powder

Your Chemist sells it. 6d, 1/- & 1/6 lbs.
Made by F. C. Calvert & Co., Manchester.

TIDES OF FATE (Continued from Page 12.)

"Mamma, here is Miss Sheridan."

The elegant young man, with the round brown eyes of a baby owl, threw open a door without waiting for the parlourmaid's pretentious investigations.

His appraising glance travelled lightly down the fine, straight line of Nancy's back and came to rest at her trim heels, as she entered the tiny apartment which is better described as a salon than a drawing-room. The architects of modern flat-buildings have so little sense of humour.

Here the odour of sandal-wood was very strong. It was a yellow satin room, crowded with semi- valuable objects of art and much upholstery. On a cushiony divan sat the lady who had written to Mr. Prudie.

She was thin and oldish, with faintly rouged cheeks and a frizzy front of faded brown hair, and she was clad in an expensive-looking but slightly soiled lace gown. Many rings glittered on her ageing fingers. Her face was long and narrow, though it had been smooth together, and her glance also swept over Nancy with an appraising effect. Her lips were thin, pinched-looking, and summed up a smile reluctantly.

"Sit down, please, Wilmar, my love, a chair for Miss Sheridan. This is my son, Count Wilmar Grönite. Wilmar, my love, footstool for Miss Sheridan.

The young man obeyed his mother's orders with quiet alacrity, and clicked his heel together as he bowed from the waist to Nancy. She felt embarrassed by all the attention it seemed necessary to give her.

"Now you may leave us, Wilmar." The Countess Grönite waved a bejewelled hand with a gesture which royalty might have envied. Certainly a cinema queen could have done no better.

Wilmar left them, clicking his heels and bowing again at the door before he departed.

The Countess sighed.

"Ah, such a dear, good boy, my son! So devoted. It will be a sad day for me when I lose him, but some girl will be very lucky. Heigh-ho! Why should I grumble? I have had my good times. So you would like to come with me, Miss Sheridan?" Mr. Prudie has recommended you highly, and I am sure you can do whatever I may require. Mainly I want you to look pretty and be amiable. I hate disagreeable faces around me. Have you some nice clothes?"

Nancy flushed uncomfortably.

"I'm afraid—not many," she said.

"Evening dresses—a few are really necessary. We shall perhaps entertain and be entertained. The yacht doesn't belong to me. We are not quite so affluent as all that. A dear friend has lent it to me, and it is very charming—quite roomy and luxurious. It belongs to Lord Love-

lace. No doubt you've heard of him. Now, if you will excuse me a moment—"

The great lady trailed her laces to a writing table, where the measured scratch of a pen sounded and sometimes torn off when she came in and held out a cheque to Nancy.

"This is just a little present. You must buy yourself some pretty clothes. No, don't thank me, please. Just a little present, you understand. Saturday, then? You won't fail me? There is a typewriter on the yacht, and nothing for you to worry about but getting your own things together. I can count on you, can't I? You will come here at ten o'clock on Saturday evening with your luggage. That is understood."

Nancy, her voice tremulous with excitement, managed to coo over her assurance that for nothing on earth would she disappoint the Countess Grönite.

A cheque for a hundred pounds was in her purse. Fancy having all that money to spend on clothes! Indeed, she had been ordered so to spend it.

"And it's my birthday," she thought, as she stepped out into the street again. Her face was flushed with melancholy, like a small cloud, drifting across the shining face of her happiness. Her old friend was dead, and she was going away from the Allies.

It would be wonderful, of course; the whole thing was wonderful. She hoped she would like the Countess Grönite, but it was much more important that the countess should like her.

For the young man with the eyes of a baby owl. Nancy wasn't sure that he was coming with her, though she hadn't actually said so, yet it had been implied.

He was so devoted to his mother. In spite of his foreign manners, no doubt he was quite a pleasant young man.

Another fine instalment to-morrow.

RIOT IN DUBLIN.

LADIES' SYMPATHISERS HOLD UP T.U.C. and Try to Seize Mansion House.

There was a violent demonstration yesterday outside Dublin Mansion House, where a crowd tried to prevent delegates entering the Trades Union Congress and attempted to seize the building shouting: "Release the prisoners! Up Larkin!"

As the delegates arrived they were booed and mobbed. One was so badly hurt that he had to be taken to a chemist's shop to have his injuries dressed. Police were powerless to stop the crowd.

A cross erected to the memory of Michael Collins at the scene of his death near Macroom (Co. Cork) has been torn from the sockets.



A smart tennis costume with coloured crepe de Chine coat by Zoyat et Cie. A coloured silk handkerchief hangs gracefully from the coat fastening and there are cuffs to match.

BEDROOM TRAGEDY.

Man Charged with Murder of His Aunt.

CONSTABLE'S GRIM FIND.

A dramatic story was told at Tower Bridge yesterday, when Frederick Jesse, aged twenty-six, again appeared charged with the murder of his aunt, Mabel Jennings Edmunds, aged fifty, a lodging-house keeper, in York-road, Lambeth. The case was adjourned until Saturday.

Mr. Wallace, for the Director of Public Prosecutions, said Jesse had been residing with his aunt since January of this year in York-road. On Saturday, July 21, one of the lodgers heard the aunt quarrelling with somebody.

The lodger later asked Jesse where his aunt was and said, "She is dead." On Saturday, July 28, the lodger went to the police.

A police constable went to the house and forced open the door of a room on the second floor, and saw two legs, which apparently had been severed from the body. The body was lying on the bed.

Counsel said the police surgeon stated that death was due to asphyxia accelerated by a handkerchief which had been placed in the mouth. At the police station, said counsel, Jesse made a statement in which he said: "It is a horrible thing to say I killed my aunt."

She struck me on the face with something I thought was a knife. . . . I closed with her and pushed my hands round her throat.

Jesse, it was alleged, further described how he tried to dispose of the body, and added: "Had I been able to dispose of it I should have committed suicide."

John Cripps, a French polisher, of Dalston, said that on July 21 he saw Jesse, who had a black eye. Prisoner told him he had had a quarrel with his aunt, and she had struck him in the eye.

PRINCE IN HOSPITAL.

Injure Ank'le Making Good Progress Surgeon's Tribute to Patient.

Prince Henry, the King's third son, who fractured his ankle while putting a restive trooper horse to the jump at Aldershot, was yesterday physically free from pain.

"His cheery disposition and splendid physical condition is a better tonic than any medicine," said a Cambridge Hospital surgeon.

HOLIDAYMAKERS REVEL IN FEAST OF SUMMER SPORT

**Stavropol and Purple Shade
Still Winning.**

FASTOLITE AGAIN.

E. H. Liddell Beaten in Stamford Bridge Sprint.

With weather so glorious, the August Bank Holiday sports festival could hardly have been more delightful. There was racing at Sandown Park, Birmingham and Ripon, and a full programme of county cricket matches, while Stamford Bridge was a veritable Mecca to followers of athletics. Chief events were:

Racing.—Four favourites won at Sandown and one each at Birmingham and Ripon. Donoghue rode two winners at Sandown and Thwaite was twice successful at Ripon.

Cricket.—The collapse of Lancashire at Bradford was the chief feature in a day of large scores generally.

Athletics.—The defeat of E. H. Liddell in the 100 yards was an outstanding feature of the sports gathering at Stamford Bridge.

BRIGHTON TO-DAY.

Opening of Second Half of Sussex Fortnight.

By BOUVIERE.

Brighton resumes the second half of the Sussex fortnight to-day, and in spite of the clashing with the concluding stages of the holiday meetings at Birmingham and Ripon there will be plenty of runners and some very good sport.

Double Up and Herod Philip, both of whom have previously shown a liking for the course, will be among the runners for the Stakes, and both will no doubt find plenty of admirers.

Quip is another that may be expected to run well, but I doubt if any of them will beat the

SELECTIONS FOR BRIGHTON.	
2. 0.—SKYFLIER.	4. 0.—COMPILER.
2.50.—WHITE CAT.	4.50.—BEES IN AMBER.
3. 0.—NOUS VERRONS.	5. 0.—BRILLIANCE.
3.50.—CORIDIOPSIS.	
BIRMINGHAM.	RIPON.
2. 0.—WHITE CAT.	2.30.—WINDSWEEP.
3. 0.—HEROD PHILIP.	3.00.—HUMMING MORN.
3.30.—BEAUREGARD.	3.30.—JOHNNIE CRAPAUD.
4.25.—LIGHT DRAGON.	
DOUBLE EVENT FOR TO-DAY.	
*NOUS VERRONS and BRILLIANCE.	

much improved Nous Verrons, who has only twice been out of the first three in seven attempts this season.

Some smart sprinters are engaged in the Marine Plate, including Hamlet, who ran well in the Stewards' Cup, Atirov, Compiler and Detrimental. I prefer Compiler, who ran well over this course behind Time and Proconsul last year.

If Skydler is risked in a selling race he should win the Hassock Plate, while Firestar, from the same stable, must possess a big chance in the Corporation Stakes. Brilliance should open her winning account in the Alfriston Plate.

From all accounts Treviso will prove the pick of the Newmarket horses in the August Handicap at Birmingham, but while expecting him to run well a doubt if he will beat Beauregard, who, with a bit of winning so east at Nottingham, will again be ridden by V. Smyth.

Light Dragon took his chance in the Packington Welter and although Kerasos and Thoughtless are very useful over a mile and a half, I think the Cesarewitch winner will score again.

At Ripon Johnnie Crapaud is only penalised 7lb, for his Catterick success in the City Welter, and shall not be surprised to see this improving three-year-old do again.

Julius may make amends for his Catterick defeat in the Claro Plate. He was none too lucky when beaten on Friday.

COURSE AND TRAINING NEWS.

Points from Tattersall's, the Track and the Paddock.

In addition to Beauregard in the August Handicap, V. Smyth has been engaged for Shireeves in the Coventry Plate at Birmingham to-day.

*

Johnnie Crapaud, the Catterick Bridge winner, competes under his penalty in the Ripon City Welter to-day. Wray will again have the mount.

*

In the Brighton Stakes yesterday Donoghue rides Double Up, and Elliott will have the mount on Herod Philip. Both horses have won over the course.

*

All the selling race winners yesterday were bought in. Nixon was retained at 310 guineas, Vianini at 110, Moore Rain at 300, Golden Error at 180 and Re-paid at 230.

*

Julius, who started favourite for the Colburn Plate at Catterick Bridge on Friday, and finished third, will be saddled for the Claro Plate at Ripon this afternoon.

*



SANDOWN FAVOURITES.

Stavropol and Purple Shade Gain Third Successive Victories.

Favourites played their parts handsomely at Sandown Park yesterday, and, as it should be, a big crowd found profit as well as pleasure in a delightful afternoon in the sunshine. Donoghue, now riding in something like his old form, was well in the picture throughout. Two winners, two seconds and a third was his record in the steeplechases, and he is now only eleven points behind Elliott in the race for the jockey championship.

Donoghue did not lead off too well, as the odds last on Anira's Dance were easily beaten over by Beau in the London Plate. But Beau is a very useful customer when in the mood, and it would seem that his Hurst Park victory has given him some liking for the selling Handicap.

His victory in the Selling Handicap was almost entirely due to Donoghue's fine handling. Never too fond of the game, her jockey kept her going just long enough to beat Ariane.

Just as exciting was the Duxbury Plate. With Chromwell an absent odds leader were laid on Lord Lever's youngster, and from the stands it appeared doubtful if she had beaten Dusky Brave. But to the relief of backer her number went up by a winner by a short head.

STAVROPOL AGAIN.

Silvester did not attempt to wipe out his unlucky Goodwood defeat in the North Surrey Handicap, and Stavropol found no difficulty in gaining his third successive victory.

Son of Love failed to stay after faltering on Turners Hill, and it was left to Donoghue and Sweet Dorothy to give the favourite most trouble.

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ANGLING DERBY.

Championship for the "Daily Mirror" Cup and Medals.

KEGWORTH OFFICIALS.

The National Federation of Anglers are getting ready for their fourteenth annual championship which will be held on Monday, September 24, in the River Soar at Kegworth, Leicester. The *Daily Mirror* will again give gold medals to the twelve members of the winning team and silver medals for the second team. A special gold medal will also be presented to the competitor who catches the heaviest bag of fish. The winner of which will also receive The *Daily Mirror* championship cup.

The Long Eaton Association, assisted by the Loughborough Soar Angling Association, will this year manage the competition, and entries must be forwarded to Mr. S. Allen Rose, 10, Kirton Avenue, Long Eaton, Nottinghamshire. Applications for a branch of the federation is allowed to send one team only to compete, and the entrance fee is 2s. per team.

Mrs. Thomas Bradforth (Hill) and Mr. G. Hodson (Castleford) have been appointed match inspectors. Competitors must only have the use of one rod, one line and one hook at one and the same time and will not be allowed to have a second rod put together.

BANK HOLIDAY RACING.

Winners and Prices at Sandown, Birmingham and Ripon.

SANDOWN PARK.

1.30—LAMMAS MAIDEN PLATE. 1m. 60ds—BEAVER (9-4, Gardner), 1st; ANITRA'S DANCE (4-5); TULLY (20-1), 2nd; three others (9ft).

2.00—SELLING HIGH-WEIGHT H'CAP. 1m.—NINON (6-4, Dougouet), 1st; ARIANE (10-0); 2; CHICAGO (7-2), 3rd; three others (9ft).

2.30—MAIDEN T.Y.O. PLATE. 5f.—PITTENDREY (6-4, Dougouet), 1st; DUKE BRAVE (10-1); TRYST (5-1); three others (9ft).

Great Span, Pitti Sing c. Free State, Tooling Team, Poldi & Form, Polyphony, Far Friend, Bougainvillea, Impetuosity & Poldi.

3.00—NORTH SURREY H'CAP. 1m.—SAFETY-POL (2-1, Jelliss), 1st; SWEET DOROTHY (6-1), 2nd; ADAM (7-1), 3rd. Also ran: Son of Love (100-0); Tomhawk (7-1); Depute (10-0); Lady Castile (100-0); Two; one, (W. Jarvis).

3.30—MILLDALE T.Y.O. PLATE. 5f.—PUTTENDREY SHADE (6-4, Dougouet), 1st; GOLDEN GUD (2-1); three others ran; Cockpit (10-1), Squander (6-1), Galadria c. Flora Macdonald and Volanta (100-0). Neck: three (W. Winstanley).

4.30.—LUBBOCK SPRINT H'CAP. 5f.—CYNTHIA (5-1, Fox), 1st; MIRAK (4-1), 2nd; NECTARINA (5-2), 3rd. Also ran: Bon Secour (100-0); 4th; two; one (Kelly).

BIRMINGHAM.

2.00—Golden Error (9-2, Lane), 1; Longstop (7-2), 2; Crimson Sun (9-2), 3; ran. 1st; Louviers Less (4-1), 2; Red Ronald (3-1), 3; ran.

3.00—All Green (6-4, A. Balding), 1; Till (8-1), 2; Sunbird (7-1), 3; ran.

3.30—Celebrate (7-1, Smirk), 1; Light Jester (10-1), 2; Dinkie (5-1), 3; ran.

4.30—Lake Leman (11-10, Elliott), 1; Black Prince (10-1), 2; Nicator (7-1), 3; ran.

RIPON.

2.00—Vivian (events, Thwaites), 1; Dimanche Deal (5-4), 2; Green Path (20-1), 3; ran.

2.30—Damed (6-1, Thwaites), 1; Executions (11-10), 2; Farnham (10-1), 3; ran.

3.00—More Rain (7-1, J. Taylor), 1; Horton Feathers (6-1), 2; Piercing Note (100-0), 3; ran.

3.30—Soleil (7-1, Beasley), 1; First Wheat (20-1), 2; Phantom Bold (4-5), 3; ran.

4.00—Soled De Nuit (6-1, Beasley), 1; Battery Smoke (6-1), 2; Starlight (100-0), 3; ran.

4.30—Murky Past (2-1, W. Akkison), 1; Infantry (5-4) and Juva Preta (7-1), dead heat. 2; 6 ran.

TO-DAY'S RACING.

Programme for Opening of Brighton Meeting.

2.00—HASSOCKS PLATE. 250 sows: st.

Dundonald G.B.nett 5 5 12 Son of Simon St'rens 4 8 13

Petty Curz... Kemp 5 9 2 Chas. Surface... Gore 8 8 13

Royal Bucks Ham'n 5 9 4 Our Phillip... Lind 8 8 13

St. Swithin's... Clegg 5 9 4

Sosoma Templeman 4 9 4 George Georgy Foster 3 8 4

Lag Corrie G.B.nett 5 9 2 Gorin's Pillar A.Day 3 8 4

John Bull... Berrard 5 9 2 Titan... T.Fitten 3 8 4

Cushy... Stevens 5 9 2 Uncle Bone... Pls. 3 8 4

Stop Watch Bottler 8 8 15

Doubtless... Clegg 5 9 4

Duller 4 8 15 Bookham Star S'tus 8 7 5

Questionnaire P'ring 4 8 15 I'hold Br'e's W.Mott 8 8 4

Around... Pls. 5 13 Mistake P.H.gard 2 8 4

2.30—CORPORATION T.Y.O. PLATE. 200 sows: st.

John Wins... Morton 9 9 7 Una of Castle... G.Bell 8 8 4

Erene... G.Bell 9 9 7 March... G.Bell 8 8 4

Meandering... Hogg 5 9 2 Plumet... Woooton 8 8 4

Our Junkie... Mastol 5 9 2 Dursilla... Persie 8 8 4

Restoration... Pickering 8 8 15

Blackstone D'Syrnd 8 7 5

Crusader... P'ring 8 8 15 Herold... Pride G.Bell 8 8 4

Sunshot... Cottrell 8 8 15 Nun... W.Mott 8 8 4

3.00—BRIGHAM STAKES. 5 sows, 500 added: 1pm.

Herold Philip B'well 8 8 6 Pr'ach. Farina 4 8 4

Quilly... G.Bell 8 8 6 G.Bell 8 8 4

6s—Badger 8 8 6

Above arrived.

Celadon... Lambton 5 9 4 Achanalt G.Bennett 5 7 12

Desire... Nugent 5 8 8

Domestic F.Scott 5 8 6

Nest... Stevens 5 8 6

3.30—HENFIELD PLATE. 250 sows: 1pm.

Liangaren G.Bnett 5 8 6 For's Favourite S'ms 7 12

Clarke... Hare 8 10 1 Lamu... E.Pigott 5 7 12

John... G.Bell 8 8 6 Grand Coast... G.Bell 8 8 4

Princess... G.Bell 8 8 6 Glend... A.Bell 8 8 4

Lady Shin T'Chers 5 8 7 Go Lightly G.Poole 3 7 10

Primus... A.Day 5 8 7 G.Cold... G.Williams 3 7 10

John... G.Bell 8 8 6 Hill... G.Bell 8 8 4

W.H. Bigdey 6 8 6 Standard M.Rhodes 6 7 8

Purse Pr'd Erberie 3 8 4

Dominican... Heyson 3 8 4

Hill... G.Bell 8 8 6

Prolific... Woooton 3 8 0 Lemon Yellow B'w's 7 7 6

De Coverley... G'locke 4 8 2 Heart of Ham 3 7 5

Mid... Lenglen H'wsh 7 13 Royal Camp Martin 3 7 1

Miss... Cavalier F.Scott 3 7 1

Fancy Boy... G.Poole 5 7 13 Ritzel... Pte. 3 7 0

4.00—MARINE PLATE. 450 sows: st.

T.W'ghn 3 6 16 Miss Brian H.Leader 4 7 10

Above arrived.

Eaglehawk... G.Bell 5 6 6 Galloway... G.Bell 5 7 4

Hamlet... Morton 6 9 0 Mebos... Whicker 5 7 3

Atirov... Persie 8 8 10

Golden Knight... G.Bell 8 8 6

Zoom... Lowe 4 7 5 Ardelle... J.Rhodes 5 7 0

Completer... Nugent 8 8 2 Kite... J.Rhodes 5 7 0

Beast... G'locke 4 8 2 Anchur... Imre Check 4 6 8

Bilby's Stone L'ands 6 7 12 Aquitaine... L'ands 4 6 8

Bon Secour Woooton 4 7 12

Klasing C'p'man 3 7 10 Aquitaine... L'ands 4 6 8

Hoo... Larkins 5 6 7

AT BIRMINGHAM.

3.30—AUGUST H'CAP. 5 was, 400 added: 1pm.

John... Waltham W'ker 6 9 9 His Excellency B'tty 4 7 11

Beauregard... H... H... 6 9 9 Oftord... Taylor 4 7 11

Margot... Stevens 6 9 9

Conk... Lenton 4 8 19 The Bow... Gorn 2 7 10

John... G.Bell 6 9 9 Excel... Prat 3 7 10

De Coverley... G'locke 4 8 9

John... G.Bell 6 9 9 G... G... 3 7 10

Corcycra... Morris 4 9 0 Limousin... R.J.Collins 4 7 11

Express Dry' Morris 4 8 15 Blackman... Wilkins 4 7 11

Stevens... G... 4 8 15 Wilkins 4 7 11

Steamer... Rintoul 5 8 4 Excel... Davidson 4 7 20

L'd of Blythe B'clay 4 8 6 Envoy... H.A.Brown 6 7

"SUNDAY PICTORIAL" NAP. CGDQSSEDZA.

INJURED CHEERED.

Forty Children Flung from Motor-Lorry.

HOLIDAY TRAGEDIES.

While a party of about fifty children from Willesden Green were being conveyed in a motor-lorry for an outing yesterday morning the side of the lorry gave way at Craven Park, Harlesden.

Forty of the children were flung into the road-way and several were injured. These were taken to Park Royal Hospital, where they were attended to.

The general body of the excursionists waited while the youngsters were at the hospital and cheered and sang when they saw the little ones with plastered faces running towards the lorry to resume the journey to the woods.

Two little girls who were more seriously injured were determined not to be deprived of the day's enjoyment and howled until they were allowed to rejoin the party. The injured were —

Joseph Bayley (eight), Eva Bayley (ten), and Albert Morbraz, all of Villiers-road, Willesden Green; William Dunn (six), and John Kilburn, cut in head; Grace Head (two), Harlesden abrasions; Winnifred Nunn (fifteen) and Sarah Nun, Willesden Green, abrasions; Eileen Tippett (six), Churchmead-road, Willesden, abrasions.

A touring car, after knocking down Thomas Brown at Papcastle, outside Cockermouth, did not slacken speed and went on in the direction of Carlisle.

Burns, who was dragged along some distance, was seriously injured about the head and body, and was hours in recovering consciousness. The police have possession of a portion of the broken wind screen of the car.

While Bathing in Church Bay, Crosshaven, Michael Hourigan, aged twenty-three, of Evergreen-street, Cork, was drowned.

John Robert Jones, aged twenty-two, a visitor from Glamorgan, was drowned while bathing at Blackpool.

An Cox, Cardiff, and Elizabeth David, Swansea, were detained at Swansea Hospital yesterday with injuries received in a mishap on a steep hill to a motor lorry conveying a party of trippers to Port Eynon. Ten other occupants of the lorry were hurt.

Frederick Key, fifteen, of Milton-grove, Holloway, who came into collision with a taxi while motor-cycling in Hornsey-road yesterday, received serious, head injuries.

MOUNTAIN WAR TOWER.

Beacon Light Memorial That Will Be Seen From Five Counties.

Erected on the highest peak of Crick Hill, near Amherst, Derbyshire, a memorial tower was unveiled yesterday by General Sir H. Smith Dorrien, Governor of Gibraltar.

The tower is a memorial to the 11,000 men of the Sherwood Foresters, which sent 150,000 men to the front in thirty-two battalions. Seven gained V.C.s, including Captain Albert Ball, the airman, who was formerly with the Foresters.

The tower stands 1,000 ft. above sea-level, and at the top of the tower is an apparatus for a great beacon, the light of which will be visible from five counties.

Pillars of Sacrifice.—Lord Allenby unveiling an obelisk at Pontypridd yesterday to the memory of the 5th Battalion Welch Regiment, said these memorials were pillars of sacrifice across the world, beacons on the road which would lead to high endeavour.

Bournemouth.—Brilliant sunshine made the holiday record. Crowds on the sands, pier and promenade were unprecedented. Fourteen excursionists arrived in time to relief and ordinary traffic with 40,000 visitors. Hundreds more travelled by motor-coach. Pleasure steamers and motor-boats were crowded all day and bathing continued from early morning till sunset.

OFFICE BOY ROMANCE.

£60,000 Estate of a Youth Who Became a Solicitor and Colliery Owner

Rising from the position of office boy to solicitor and colliery owner, Sir Joseph Hewitt, of Outswell Hall, near Barnsley, Yorks, left estate to the value of £66,965, net per person.

The late Sir Joseph was connected with several local colliery enterprises, becoming one of the most prominent coalowners in South Yorkshire.

He was chairman of the Wharncliffe Woodmoor Colliery Co., Ltd., and a director of the British Association of Glass Bottle Manufacturers, for some time adviser to the Coal Controller and a member of the Executive Council of the Mining Association of Great Britain.

The widow of Sir Joseph died in 1919, leaving him £155,950. The late Sir Joseph had a son, Sir Joseph, who died in 1921, leaving him £155,950. The late Sir Joseph had a son, Sir Joseph, who died in 1921, leaving him £155,950.

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£25,000
for
CHILDREN
FREE
See Page 2.

THE DAILY MIRROR, Tuesday, August 7, 1923.

Begin Our "Tides of Fate," On P. 12
New Serial, To-day.

The Daily Mirror

NET SALE MUCH THE LARGEST OF ANY DAILY PICTURE NEWSPAPER

C DAILY CHILDREN'S SAVINGS C MIRROR CERTIFICATE

THIS Certificate to be retained and posted to "The Daily Mirror" in accordance with the conditions of the Children's Savings Fund, which conditions the sender undertakes to accept.

No. A
3

NAME
August 7th, 1923.

[COPRIGHT]

PIP, SQUEAK AND WILFRED'S BANK HOLIDAY AT YARMOUTH, GORLESTON AND LOWESTOFT



The huge Bank Holiday crowd which yesterday welcomed Pip, Squeak and Wilfred to the broad sands of Great Yarmouth. The pets had a great day.



Grateful shelter from the hot sun.



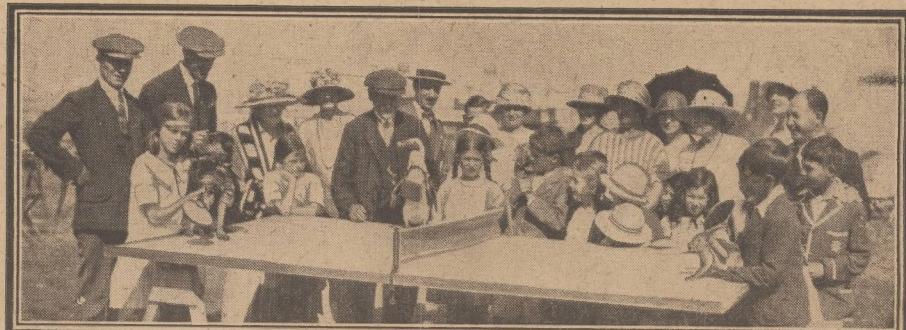
Pip scores as a jumper.



Pip happy with his guests on his roof, and Squeak near the door.



As a batsman Pip is keen rather than clever.



9221. Some young friends of Pip and Wilfred coach them at table tennis.

Pip, Squeak and Wilfred, *The Daily Mirror* pets, had a glorious Bank Holiday yesterday. They were welcomed by a tremendous crowd on Yarmouth sands and also visited;

Gorleston and Lowestoft. All sorts of amusements were provided for them, including even cricket and table tennis, but Pip did best at jumping.—(*Daily Mirror*)